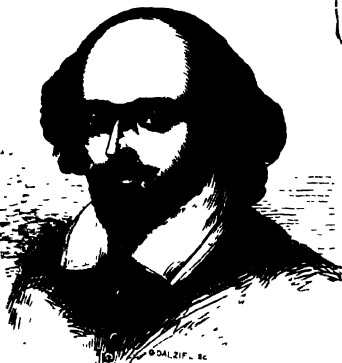


KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION

OF



THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

VOL. III.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

	Page
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	1
TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR, WHAT YOU WILL .	97
AS YOU LIKE IT	189
MEASURE FOR MEASURE	285

The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from the Chandos
Picture, in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere.

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

	Page
A WINTER TALE	1
THE TEMPEST	113
KING JOHN	193
KING RICHARD II.	289

The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from a picture by
Cornelius Jansen



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition of this play was published in 1602. The comedy as it now stands first appeared in the folio of 1623; and the play in that edition contains very nearly twice the number of lines that the original edition contains. The succession of scenes is the same in both copies, except in one instance; but the speeches of the several characters are greatly elaborated in the amended copy, and several of the characters not only heightened, but new distinctive features given to them.

Rightly to appreciate this comedy, it is, we conceive, absolutely necessary to dissociate it from the historical plays of 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.' Whether Shakspeare produced the original sketch of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' before those plays, and remodelled it after their appearance,—or whether he produced both the original sketch and the finished performance when his audiences were perfectly familiar with the Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, and Mistress Quickly of 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.'—it is perfectly certain that he did not intend 'The Merry Wives' as a continuation. It is impossible, however, not to associate the period of the comedy with the period of the histories. But at the same time we must suffer our minds to slide into the belief that the manners of the times of Henry IV. had

sufficient points in common with those of the times of Elizabeth to justify the poet in taking no great pains to distinguish between them. The characters speak in the language of truth and nature, which belongs to all time; and we must forget that they sometimes use the expressions of a particular time to which they do not in strict propriety belong.

The critics have been singularly laudatory of this comedy. Warton calls it "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers." Johnson says, "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play." We agree with much of this; but we certainly cannot agree with Warton that it is "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers." We cannot forget 'As You Like It,' and 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing.' Of those qualities which put Shakspeare above all other men that ever existed, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' exhibits few traces. Some of the touches, however, which on other hand could give, are to be found in *Slender*, and we think in *Quickly*.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the dénouement as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes;—he fancies him-

self the deceiver, but he is the deceived. The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the "unclean knight."

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound;" and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pibbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbours "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor and the honest Welsh parson are productive of the happiest situations. Caius waiting for

his adversary—"De herring is no dead so as I vill kill him"—is capital. But Sir Hugh, with his—

"There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry,"—is inimitable.

With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counterplot of her mother, "firm for Dr. Caius"—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Herne's Oak adventure of Falstaff. Over all the misadventures of that night, when "all sorts of deer were chas'd," Shakspeare throws his own tolerant spirit of forgiveness and content:—

"Good husband, let us every one go home.
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FAUSTAFF.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

FENTON.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 5.

SHALLOW, *a country justice*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

SLENDER, *cousin to Shallow*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

MR. FORD, *a gentleman dwelling at Windsor*.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MR. PAGE, *a gentleman dwelling at Windsor*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2;
sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 5.

WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to Mr. Page*.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh parson*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4, sc. 5. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

DR. CAIUS, *a French physician*.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

Host of the Garter Inn.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BARDOLPH, a follower of Falstaff.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1, sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 3, sc. 5.

NIM, a follower of Falstaff.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.

PISTOL, a follower of Falstaff.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1 & 2. Act V. sc. 2.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2, sc. 5.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1, sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 5.

RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MRS. FORD.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

MRS. PAGE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3, sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, daughter to Mrs. Page.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 5.

MRS. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 1, sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE,—WINDSOR.

THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Garden Front of Page's House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,^a persuade me not ; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it : if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.^b

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too ; and a gentleman born, master parson ; who writes himself *armigero* ; in any bill, warranty, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.^c

Shal. Ay, that I do ; and have done^d any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done 't ;

^a We find several instances in Shakspeare of a priest being called *Sir* ; as, *Sir Hugh* in this comedy ; *Sir Over* in ' *As You Like It* ; ' *Sir Topas* in ' *Twelfth Night* ; ' and *Sir Nathaniel* in ' *Love's Labour's Lost* .

^b *Cust-alorum* is meant for an abridgment of *Custos Rotulorum*. Slender, not understanding the abbreviation, adds, " and *ratolorum* too."

^c The justice signed his attestations, "*jurat coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero*."

^d *Have done—we have done.*

and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lukes in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant. it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.*

Shen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarters it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your visaments^b in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

* It is pretty clear that "the dozen white lukes" apply to the arms of the Lucy family. In Ferne's 'Blazon of Gentry,' 1586, we have, "signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Gefray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three *lukes* hauriant argent." The luce is a *pike*.—"the fresh fish;" not the "familiar beast to man." So far is clear; but why "the salt fish is an old coat" is not so intelligible.

^b *Visament*.—advisements.

Slon. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Era. It is that very person for all the world, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your fiend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good mistress

Page—and I thank you always with my heart, la ; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you ; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Shen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir ? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Shen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not :—'t is your fault, 't is your fault :—'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog ; 'Can there be more said ? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here ?

Page. Sir, he is within ; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed it is not redressed ; is not that so, master Page ? He hath wronged me ; indeed, he hath ;—at a word he hath ;—believe me ; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes sir John.

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and
PISTOL.*

Fal. Now, master Shallow ; you 'll complain of me to the king ?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin ! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight ;—I have done all this ;—That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel ; you 'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts ' good cabbage.^a—Slender, I broke your head ; What matter have you against me ?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you ; and against your coney-catching^b rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.]

Bard. You Banbury cheese !

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus ?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say ! *pauca, pauca* ; slice ! that 's my humour.

Slen. Where 's Simple, my man ?—can you tell, cousin ?

Eva. Peace : I pray you ! Now let us understand : There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand : that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page ; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself ; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot : I will make a prief of it in my note-book ; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam ! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear" ? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse ?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of

^a *Worts* was the generic name of cabbages ; we have still *cole-wort*.

Coney-catcher was synonymous with *sharp*.

seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeard Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner.—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo^a

Word of denial in thy labras^b here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slm. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. He advised, sir, and pass good humours; I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's humour^c on me: that is the very note of it.

Slm. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,^d sir, was, as they say, cashiered, and so conclusions passed the careers.^e

Slm. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

^a *Bilbo* is a sword; a *latten bilbo*—a sword made of a thin latten plate.

^b *Labras*—lips; "word of denial in thy labras" is equivalent to "the lie in thy teeth."

^c *The nuthook* was used by the thief to hook portable commodities out of a window,—and thus Nym, in his queer fashion, means, "if you say I'm a thief."

^d *Fap*—a cant word for drunk.

^e *Careers*. In the *manège* to run a career was to gallop a horse violently backwards and forwards.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. *[Exit ANNE PAGE.]*

Slen. O Heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. *[Kissing her.]*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but SHAL., SLEN., and EVANS.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the 'Book of Riddles' about you, have you?

Sim. 'Book of Riddles'? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here:—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I

pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the woman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth:—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, God's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt;^a but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

^a *Contempt.* The folio reads *content*—the word which Slender meant to use. But the poor soul was thinking of his copy book idiom—"too much familiarity breeds contempt."

Ioa. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Sten. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table: my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt SHAL. and SIR H. EVANS.*]

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?

Sten. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Sten. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sten. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Sten. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veney's for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Sten. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quar-

rel at it, as any man in England :—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not ?

Anns. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slon. That 's meat and drink to me now : I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times ; and have taken him by the chain : but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it ^{passed} :^a—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em ; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come ; we stay ~~for~~ you.

Slon. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir : come, come.

Slon. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slon. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anns. Not I, sir, pray you, keep on.

Slon. Truly, I will not go first ; truly, la : I will not do you that wrong.

Anns. I pray you, sir.

Slon. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome ; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of ^b Doctor Caius' house,—which is the way : and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,^c his washer, and his wringer.

^a *It passed*—it surpassed ; or, it passed expression—a common mode of referring to something extraordinary.

^b *Of Dr. Caius' house*—ask for Dr. Caius' house—ask which is the way.

^c *Laundry.* Sir Hugh means to say *launder*, or *laundress*.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet :—give her this letter ; for it is a oman that altogether 's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page : and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page : I pray you, begone ; I will make an end of my dinner ; there 's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook ? Speak scholarly and wisely

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules ; cashier : let them wag ; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph ; he shall draw, he shall tap : said I well, bully Hector ?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke ; let him follow : Let me see thee froth, and live : I am at a word ; follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him : a tapster is a good trade : an old cloak makes a new jerkin ; a withered servingman a fresh tapster : Go ; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired ; I will thrive.

[*Exit BARD.*]

Pist. O base Hungarian wight ! wilt thou the spigot wield ?

Nym. He was gotten in drink : Is not the humour conceited ? [His mind is not heroic, and there 's the humour of it.]

Fal. I am gla ! I am so acquit of this tinder-box ;

his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about, but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too; examined my parts with most judicious eyliads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; ^a they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to ROB.] bear you these letters tightly; ^b

Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;

Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the honour of the age,

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds, ^c

And high and low beguile the rich and poor; ^c

Tester I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

^a The *excheators*, officers of the *exchequer*, were popularly called *cheaters*.

^b *Tightly*—briskly, cleverly.

^c *Gourd*, *fullam*, *high*, and *low*, were cant terms for *false dice*. Pistol will have his tester in pouch by cheating at play.

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Dr. Caius's House.*

Enter MRS. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit Rugby.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:^a his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

^a *Bate* is strife. It is "debate."

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a cane-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yea, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: * Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby John, what John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for thy master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home:—*And down, down, adown-a, &c.* [*Sings.*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*, a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I 'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

* *Shent*—roughly handled.

Caius. *Ouy ; mette le au mon pocket ; I epêche, quickly :—Vere is dat knave Rugby ?*

Quick. What, John Rugby ? John !

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby : Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long ;—Od's me ! *Qu'ay j'oublié ?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me ! he 'll find the young man there, and be mad !

Caius. *O diable, diable !* vat is in my closet ?—Villainy ! *larron !* [*Pulling SIMPLE out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Veresore shall I be content-a ?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet ? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick ; hear the truth of it : He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue :—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la ; but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you ?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper : Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been thoroughly moved you should have heard him so loud and

so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can : and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house ; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself :—

Sir. 'T is a great charge to come under one body's hand

Quick. Are you avised o' that ? you shall find it a great charge : and to be up early and down late ;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear ; I would have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page : but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape ; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh ; by gar, it is a challenge : I vill cut his throat in de park ; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make :—you may be gone, it is not good you tarry here :—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones ; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit SIM.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat :—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself ?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest ; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon :—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well : we must give folks leave to prate : What, the good-jer !

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vid me :—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door :—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that : never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do : nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—We had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon 't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before Page's House.**Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a Letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holyday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [Reads.

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor ^a You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy you are merry, so am I, Hal! hal! then there's more sympathy you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-like phrase, but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight,

John Falstaff."

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard ^b picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament

^a A *precisian*, we apprehend, is here used for one who puts thoughts into words—an inditer—a scribe. The French *précis* gives us the meaning. A *counsellor* is one who confidentially advises;—counsel being often used in the sense of *secrecy*.

^b The English of the days of Elizabeth accused the people of the Low Countries with having taught them to drink to excess.

for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house!

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;^a and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:^b—here, read, read:—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness,—that I would have sworn his disposition would have

^a *Will hack.* James I. would make fifty knights before breakfast; and therefore "these knights will hack"—will become common.

^b *We burn daylight*—we waste our time like those who use "lamps by day."

gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'^a What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs '—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal, for, sure, unless he know some strain^b in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of com-

^a This appears to have been a very popular song in Shakespeare's time.

^b Strain—turn, humour, disposition.

fort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall^a dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves the gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou Like sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:— O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.^b [*Exit PISTOL.*]

^a *Curtall dog.* The "curtal dog" is, like the "curtal friar," an expression of contempt.

^b Pistol confirms what Nym has been saying, aside, to Page.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to PAGE*] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there 's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'T is true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*]

Page. "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue 'ord. If I do find it, well!

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,^a though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow: Well!

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You 'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

^a *Cataian* meant a liar, it is said, because the old travellers in Cathay, such as Marco Polo and Mandeville, told incredible stories of that country.

Quick. Ay, forsooth. And I pray, how does good mistress Annie?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you. *[Exit Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICK]*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes. And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves, I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say!

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice : tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook ?

[*They go aside.*]

Shal. Will you [*to PAGE*] go with us to behold it ? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons ; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places ; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier ?

Ford. None, I protest : but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook : only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully ; thou shalt have egress and regress ; waid I well ? and thy name shall be Brook : It is a merry knight. Will you go on, heers ?^a

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.^b

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more : In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccardoes, and I know not what : 't is the heart, master Page ; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

^a *Heers.* We think that the *Host*, who is fond of using foreign words which he has picked up from his guests, such as cavalero, Francisco, and varletto, employs the Dutch *Heer*, or the German *Herr*,—Sir, Master. Both words are pronounced nearly alike. He says, "Will you go on, heers ?" as he would say, if he had picked up a French word, "Will you go on, monsieurs ?"

^b Shallow ridicules the formalities that belong to the use of the rapier, which those of the old school thought a cowardly weapon.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, SHAL., and PAGE.*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's nouse; and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng;—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,^b go.—

^a *A short knife, &c.* A knife to cut purses, and a mob to find them amongst.

^b *Pickt-hatch* is mentioned in one of Ben Jonson's Epigrams, in company with "Marsh Lambeth and White Frigate."

You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,^a and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent. What would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—~~mine own~~ people, mine own people.

^a *Red-lattice phrases*—alehouse terms.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wauton: Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford;—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach,^a letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;^b but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives

^a A bill was introduced during the session of 1601 to restrain the excessive use of coaches.

^b Pensioners might have been put higher than earls by Mistress Quickly, on account of their splendid dress. Shakspeare alludes to this in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream':—

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see."

you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold^a life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:^b her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she

^a *Frampold*—fretful, uneasy.

^b *Of all loves*. This pretty antique phrase is now obsolete.

list, all is as she will, and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both: and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion. as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well. commend me to them both: there 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—

Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;*

Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and he acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.^b

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

**Fights* were short sails—fighting sails.

^b Presents of wine were often sent from one guest in a tavern to another,—sometimes by way of a friendly memorial, and sometimes as an introduction to acquaintance.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one

eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a dotting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; se'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues"

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir

John, here is the heart of my purpose : You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir !

Ford. Believe it, for you know it :—There is money ; spend it, spend it ; spend more ; spend all I have ; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife : use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you ; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift ! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself ; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves : I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me : What say you to 't, sir John ?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money ; next, give me your hand ; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir !

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment ; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me : I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven ; ~~for~~ that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth.

Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blessed in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an

Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Field near Windsor.*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come fur?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee

traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my *Æsculapius*? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack, priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian,* king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'T is true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—ah, monsieur Mock-water.^b

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

* *Castilian*. The Host ridicules the Doctor through his ignorance of English. He is a "heart of elder," the elder being filled with soft pith; he is a Castilian, that name being an opprobrious designation for the Spaniards.

^b *Mock-water*, or *muck-water*, was some allusion to the profession of Caius.

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-water as de Englishman :—Scurvy jack-dog priest ! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

Host. He is there : see what humour he is in ; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields : will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Ereunt PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die : sheathe thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler : go about the fields with me through Frogmore ; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting : and thou shalt woo her : Cried game ?^a said I well ?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page ; said I well ?

Caius. By gar, 't is good ; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Ereunt.*]

^a *Cried game.* The meaning would be perfectly obvious were we to read *Cried I game.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field near Frogmore.**Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

Eva I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,^a the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals:
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagiam posies.
To shallow—

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

^a *Pittie-ward* is of the same import as *petty-ward*. A part of Windsor Castle is still called the *lower ward*, and in the same way another part might have been known as the *park-ward*.

Eva. He 's welcome :

To shallow rivers, to whose falls,—^a

Heaven prosper the right !—What weapons is he ?

Sim. No weapons, sir : There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson ? Good morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page !

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh !

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you !

Shal. What ! the sword and the word ; do you study them both, master parson ?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day ?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well : What is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward ; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he ?

Page. I think you know him ; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

^a The exquisite little poem whence this couplet is quoted is found in the edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets printed by Jaggard in 1599 ; but is given to Marlowe in 'England's Helicon' 1600.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hicroates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slcn. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon

Shal. So do you, good master doctor

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a word wit your ear; Verefore will you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *host de Jar-terre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul; French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my air Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. Thus is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog ou prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,^a scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me veie is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

^a *Scall*—scald. Thus Fluellen, "scald knave."

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see you ~~will~~ be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: ~~Whether~~ go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir.—I am sick, till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page,

divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; There I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the

* A very similar phrase is common in the midland counties: "It does not lie in your breeches,"—meaning it is not within your compass:—" 't is in his buttons" therefore means,—he 's the man to do it—his buttons hold the man.

wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—~~Master~~ doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the fiercer wooing at master Page's. {*Exeunt SHAL. and SLEN*

Caus. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

{*Exit RUGBY.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit Host.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine^a first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants, with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without

^a *Pipe-wine.* Ford will pipe while Falstaff dances.

any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters^a in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my cyas-musket?^b what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,^c have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I 'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit ROBIN.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit MRS. PAGE.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion. We 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

^a *Whitsters.* A launder is still called a whitster.

^b *Eyes musket.* The musket is the small sparrow-hawk; the cyas is a general name for a very young hawk.

^c *Jack-a-lent*—a puppet thrown at in Lent.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert,^b if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-

^a "Have I caught my heavenly jewel" is the first line of a song in Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella.'

^b "Fortune, my foe," was the beginning of an old ballad. We do not think that a perfect sense can be made of the passage as it stands. The meaning, no doubt, is, if Fortune were subdued by Nature, thou wouldst be unparalleled.

time :^a I cannot : but I love thee ; none but thee ; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate ; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you ; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind ; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford ! here 's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so : she 's a very tattling woman.

[*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What 's the matter ? how now ?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done ? You 're shamed, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good mistress Page ?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford ~~in~~ having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion !

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion ?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion ?—Out upon you ! how am I mistook in you !

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas ! what 's the matter ?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman,

^a Bucklersbury, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who then did the office of the herbalist.

with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 't is most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather;" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whitening-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy : Call your men, mistress Ford :—You disassembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What John, Robert, John! [*Exit ROBIN. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?^a look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fey fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

^a A *cowl-staff* is explained to be a staff used for carrying a basket with two handles.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same digress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed?

What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Page's House.*

Enter FENTON and MISTRESS ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Ann. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to head it only by his wealth :
Besides these, other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies ;
And tells me, 't is a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 't is the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir .
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly ; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't : slid, 't is but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye ; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year !

[*Aside.*]
Quick. And how does good master Fenton ? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming ; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father !

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,^a under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

^a *Come cut and long-tail* appears to mean, come people of all degrees—*long-tail* as opposed to *bob-tail*, a member of the worshipping firm of Tag, Rag, and Co.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in:—

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., and SLEN.*]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bow'l'd to death with turnips.*

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;

Her father will be angry. [*Ex. MRS. PAGE and ANNE.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?^b
Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

* The refined cruelties of Oriental despotism suggested the punishment of burying an offender in this manner.

^b The fool was Slender, patronised by Master Page; the physician, Dr. Caius, whose suit Mistress Page favoured.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night, Give my sweet Nan this ring: There 's for thy pains. [*Ex.*]

Quick. Now Heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.

Bard. Here 's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames

water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*—]How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I came to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir.

[*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yes, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their masters, to

carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been thrown into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there 's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 't is to be married! this 't is 'to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me; I 'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, odd's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William, *focative* is, *caret*.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum*.

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithce, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæ*s, and your *quods*, you must be preaches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag^a memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*]
Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who 's at home beside yourself?

^a *Sprag*—quick.

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—Speak louder. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lines^a again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying "Peer-out, peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

^a Old lines appears to us the same as old courses, old humours, old vein.

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrumm'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [Exit FAL.]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up. I'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the draff. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MRS. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. *[Exit.]*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heaven it be not full of knight again.^a

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!^b—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot,

^a *Full of knight.* The servant uses *knight* as he would say *lead*.

^b We print the speech as in the folio,—and, if properly read, it most vividly presents the incoherent and abrupt mode in which a mind overwrought by passion expresses its thoughts.

a ging,* a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say!—Come, come forth. Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me of any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

* *Ging—gang.*

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch, [beats him,] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.^a

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHAL., and EVA.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.^b

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest,^c should he not be publicly shamed.

^a The *muffler* covered a portion of the face—sometimes the lower part, sometimes the upper.

^b The passage means that the devil had Falstaff as an entire estate, with the power of barring entail—of disposing of him according to his own desire.

^c *No period to the jest*—we should have to keep on the jest in other forms, unless his public shame concluded it. There would be no end to the jest.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it :
I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses : the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly ? I hear not of him in the court : Let me speak with the gentlemen ; they speak English ?

Bard. Ay, sir ; I 'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses ; but I 'll make them pay ; I 'll sauce them : they have had my houses a week at command ; I have turned away my other guests : they must come off ; I 'll sauce them : Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and
SIR HUGH EVANS.*

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant ?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife : Henceforth do what thou wilt ;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness : now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well ; no more :
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence ;

But let our plot go forward : let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How ' to send him word they 'll meet him in
the park at midnight ? Fie, fie ; he 'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers ;
and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman ; methinks,
there should be terrors in him that he should
not come ; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have
no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he
comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne
the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns
And there he blasts the tree, and takes * the cattle ;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner :
You have heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak :
But what of this ?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device ;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
[Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.]

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come,

* Takes—seizes with disease.

And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, *ouphes*,^a and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused^b song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch^c the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight
with my taper.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them
vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the
fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

^a *Ouphes*—goblins.

^b *Diffused*—wild.

^c *To-pinch*; to as a prefix to a verb is frequent in Spenser.

Page. That silk will I go buy '—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside.
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again, in name of Brook;
He 'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Boa. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and
fery honest knaveries. [Exit PAGE, FORD, and EVA.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit MRS. FORD.]

I 'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-
skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Fal-
staff from master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his
standing-bed, and truckle-bed;^a 't is painted about
with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go,
knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian
unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up
into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she
come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

^a The standing-bed was for the master, the truckle-bed for
the servant.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman^a of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

^a *Wise woman.* Scot, in his 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' says —"At this day it is indifferent to say in the English tongue, She is a *witch*, or She is a *wise woman*."

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no : Go ; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike ; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship : I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIM.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John : Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host ; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life ; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir ! cozenage ! mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses ? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the coseners : for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire ; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain : do not say they be fled ; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host ?

Host. What is the matter, sir ?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments : there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you : you are wise, and full of gibes and flouting-stogs ; and 't is not convenient you should be cozened : Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter DR. CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and BARD.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconsistency of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford;

but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee A hundred pounds in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So far forth as herself might be her chooser,) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both,—wherein *fat Falstaff* Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night at *Herne's oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the fairy queen: The purpose why, is here: in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry : she hath consented :
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now thus it rests :
Her father means she shall be all in white ;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him : her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive ? father or mother ?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device ; I 'll to the vicar :
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithce, no more prattling :—go. I 'll hold : This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go ; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain : and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head, and mince. *[Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.]*

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook ? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed ?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man : but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you :—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman ; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam ; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste ; go along with me ; I 'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what

it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slend. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my

daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF, *disguised with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for

the love of Leda :—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves;' hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! *[They run off.]*

Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

* Do I understand *woodman's* craft—the hunter's art.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MRS. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with wazen tapers on their heads.

Anne.^a Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.^b

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,^c
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

^a These poetical speeches belong to *Anne* as the Fairy Queen. In all modern editions they are very inappropriately given to *Quickly*. We have traced the origin of this mistake, which is perfectly evident. (See Pictorial and Library editions.)

^b The *o-yes*, the *oyes*, of the crier of a proclamation, was clearly a monosyllable, rhyming to *toys*.

^c Elevate her fancy.

In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be bless'd!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*,^a write,
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
 Away; disperse: But till 't is one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom, round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy!
 Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

^a *Pense* is a disyllable—a proof that Shakspeare knew the distinction between French verse and prose.

About him, fairies ; sing a scornful rhyme ,
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ,
Pinch him for his villainy ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

[*During this song the fairies pinch FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; SLENDER another way, and takes off a fairy in white ; and FENTON comes, and steals away MRS. ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS. FORD.
They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly ; I think, we have watch'd you now :

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come ; hold up the jest no higher :

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives ?
See you these, husband ? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town ?

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now ?—Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave ; here are his horns, master Brook : And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook ; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 't is upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunts of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fumnications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife that now laughs at thee: Tell her master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page would I might never stir, and 't is a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when

I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slend. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 't is a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit CAIUS.*]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good, my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us
The offence is holy that she hath committed :
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or undutious title ;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd : here is no remedy :
In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state ;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special
stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy ? Fenton Heaven give
thee joy !

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run all sorts of deer are
chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further : master
Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days !
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire ;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so :—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word ;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1623. The text is divided into acts and scenes; and the order of these has been undisturbed in the modern editions. With the exception of a few manifest typographical errors, the original copy is remarkably correct.

It was formerly supposed that this charming comedy was written by Shakspeare late in life. But there was found in the British Museum, in 1828, a little manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, extending from 1601 to 1603, which leaves no doubt that the play was publicly acted at the Candlemas feast of the Middle Temple in 1602; and it belongs, therefore, to the first year of the seventeenth century, or the last of the sixteenth; for it is not found in the list of Meres, in 1598.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into any analysis of the plot of this delightful comedy, or attempt any dissection of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written.

"The sunshine of the breast" spreads its rich purple light over the whole champain, and penetrates into every thicket and every dingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again,—it had a dying fall,"
to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,"—there is not a thought, nor a situation, that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce and hopeless contest with one o'ermastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakspeare's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connexion with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "She never told her love." The love of Olivia, wilful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing but the refined delicacy of Shakspeare's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is, we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the

play But the comic characters are to us equally poetical—that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embodyings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakspeare meant the poor cross-gartered steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked, only passed out of the romantic into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio we are not to laugh ill-naturedly, for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby is a most genuine character,—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment; but with a humour about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing at and with others is something so thoroughly English, that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists Sir Toby must have his butt. What a trio is presented in that glorious scene of the second act, where the two Knights and the Clown “make the welkin dance;”—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher;—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher. We hold the Clown’s epilogue song to be the most philosophical

Clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life, from the condition of "a little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came unto my bed;" and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long passed away—for

"A great while ago the world begun."

Steevens says this "nonsensical ditty" is utterly unconnected with the subject of the comedy. We think he is mistaken.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1.*

ANTONIO, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3, sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sea-Captain, friend to Viola.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

VALENTINE, a gentleman attending on the Duke.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4.

CURIO, a gentleman attending on the Duke.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4.

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FABIAN, *servant to Olivia.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.

Clown, *servant to Olivia.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3
Act V. sc. 1.

VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2, sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2, sc. 4.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other attendants.*

SCENE,—A CITY IN ILLYRIA; AND THE SEA-COAST
NEAR IT.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound^a
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

^a *Like the sweet sound.* To those who are familiar with the well-known text,

"Q it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,"
the restoration of the word *sound*, which is the reading of all the early editions, will at first appear strange and startling. But Shakspeare has nowhere made the *south* an odour-breathing wind; his other representations are directly contrary. In 'As You Like It,' Rosalind says,

"You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rains?"

In 'Romeo and Juliet' we have the "*dew-dropping south*;" in 'Cymbeline,' "The *south-fog* rot him."

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch so'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Cur.

The hart

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
 O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 (Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence,)
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news from her ?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her handmaid do return this answer :
 The element itself, till seven years heat,*
 Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
 Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
 (Her sweet perfections,) with one self king !—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Heat—heated.

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam; and to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;

And then 't was fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother, ~~a~~
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady:
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall^a a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats; he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,^b and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in

^a Tall—stout, bold.

^b Viol-de-gamboys—a kind of violoncello.

quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He 's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano-vulgo; for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, board her,* woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

* *Board her*—address her.

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what 's your metaphor?

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am barren. [*Ex. MAR.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff;

and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard,^a and come home in a coranto?^b My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.^c What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well

^a *Galliard*—a lively dance.

^b *Coranto*—a quick dance.

^c *Sink-a-pace*—cinque-pace: a dance whose movement was regulated by the number five.

in a damask-coloured stock.* Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

* *Damask-coloured stock.* Stock is stocking. In the original we find *dam'd* coloured. Pope changed this to *flame*-coloured. We have ventured to read *damask*-coloured; for it is evident that, if the word *damask* were written as pronounced rapidly, *dam'sh*, it might easily be misprinted *dam'd*.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofit'd return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord : What then ?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith :
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man : Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair :—Some four, or five, attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best
When least in company :—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady : yet, [*aside*] a barful strife !
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will
not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way
of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he that is well hanged in this
world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenter answer : I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary ?

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent ; or, to be turned away : is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then ?

Clo. Not so, neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold ; or, if both break your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith ; very apt ! Well, go thy way ; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that ; here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : For what says Quinapalus ? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady !

Ol. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

Ol. Go to, you 're a dry fool ; I 'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink,—then

is the fool not dry ; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him : Anything that 's mended is but patched : virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin ; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue : If that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, What remedy ? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower :—the lady bade take away the fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree !—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum* ; that 's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Ol. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Ol. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna : Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Ol. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou ?

Ol. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Ol. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Ol. What think you of this fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes ; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him : Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox ; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,^a for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove crain

^a *Leasing*—falsehood. The meaning probably is, since thou speakest the truth of fools (which is not profitable), may Mercury give thee the advantageous gift of lying.

with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH

Ol. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Ol. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Ol. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Ol. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not. give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Ol. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Ol. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a colling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlemanservant.

Mal. Gentlemanservant, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,* even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give

* *Comptible*—accountable, ready to submit.

me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Ol. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Ol. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Ol. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what

I would, are as secret as maidenhead : to your ears, divinity ; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone : we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text ?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text ?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom

Oli. In his bosom ? In what chapter of his bosom ?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it ; it is heresy. Have you no more to say ?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face ? you are now out of your text : but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present : Is 't not well done ?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir ; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty : It shall be inventoried ; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will : as, item, two lips indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them ; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are : you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you ; O, such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty !

Ol. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire

Ol. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him .

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person ; but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons * of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ,
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me

Ol. You might do much : What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse ;

* Cantons—cantos.

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit

Ol. What is your parentage ?

" Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman "—I 'll be sworn thou art ,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon :—Not too fast :—soft !
soft !

Unless the master were the man.—How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Ol. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not ; tell him, I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Ol. I do I know not what : and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force : Ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed must be ; and be this so ! [Exit

* We do not own, possess, ourselves.

ACT II.

SCENE I — *The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express^a myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,^b whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the Heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—

^a *Express*—make known

^b *Messaline*. Mitylene (Lesbos) is most probably meant.

she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and

her will is it should be so returned— if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much^a.

That, methought, her eyes had lost^a her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man:—If it be so, (as 't is,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false^b

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this fadge?^c My master loves her dearly:

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love!

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.

[Exit

^a Lost—caused her tongue to be lost

^b Proper-false. Proper is here *handsome*. This adjective is compounded with *false*, in the same way that we subsequently have *beauteous-evil*.

^c Fadge—to suit, to agree; from the Anglo-Saxon *fegan*, to join.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere* thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?^a

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.^b I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity;^c for Malvolio's

^a "The picture of we three" was a picture, or sign, of *Two* Fools, upon which was an inscription, *we be three*, so that the unlucky wight who was tempted to read it supplied "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever."

^b *Excellent breast—excellent voice.*

^c *Impetico thy gratillity.* This is evidently a touch of the fantastic language which the Clown continually uses.

nose is no whiptock : My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent ! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you : let 's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me too ; if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay ; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you rōuming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low .
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love ? 't is not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What 's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed ? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver ? shall we do that ?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't : I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain : let our catch be, "Thou knave."^a

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley! lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

[*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O, the twelfth day of December,"—

[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches^b without any mitigation or remorse of

^a The music of this catch is given in the 'Pictorial' Edition; as also of the old air of 'Peg-a-Ramsay.'

^b *Coziers' catches.* A cozier is a botcher—whether a tailor or a cobbler is not material.

voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up!^a

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."^b

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give

^a Sneak up—hang yourself.

^b The old ballad, from which this, and subsequent lines, are quoted, is found in Percy's 'Reliques.'

^c The steward's office of authority was denoted by a chain.

means for this uncivil rule;^a she shall know of it, by this hand.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us;^b tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned^c ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of

^a *Rule*—conduct, method of life.

^b *Possess us*—inform us.

^c *Affectioned*. *Affection* is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of *affection*.

his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreasure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too. ¶

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.*

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

* Call me Cut. "Call me horse," says Falstaff. A cut was a horse.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.**Duke.* Give me some music :—Now, good morrow, friends :—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night ;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.*Duke.* Who was it ?*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord ; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house.*Duke.* Seek him out, and play the tune the while.*[Exit CURIO.—Music.]*

Come hither, boy : If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me :
For, such as I am all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ;
Hath it not, boy ?*Vio.* A little, by your favour.*Duke.* What kind of woman is 't ?*Vio.* Of your complexion.*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years,
i' faith ?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven : Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So ways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night : —
Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters on the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; prithee sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress* let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

* *Sad cypress.* There is a doubt whether a *cypress* of cypress-wood, or a *shroud* of cypress, be here meant.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal !^a—I would have 'men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere ; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to you' same sovereign cruelty :

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;

But 't is that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

^a *Opal*—a gem whose colours change as it is viewed in different lights.

As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so : Must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord : She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too ;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India?^a

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself

^a *My metal of India.* So the original folio—*mettle*. In the second folio we have *mettle*. *My metal of India* is, obviously enough, my heart of gold, my precious girl.

come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. Blight, I could so beat the rogue!—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him!

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy^a married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,^b—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

^a *The lady of the Strachy.* This has been called a desperate passage; and many wild guesses have accordingly been made to explain it. The context seems to point to some corruption of the name of a place.

^b *My state*—my canopied chair, my throne.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while: and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel.^a Toby approaches; courtesies^b there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew:"

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

^a *My some rich jewel*—some rich jewel of my own.

^b *Courtesies*—makes his courtesy.

Mal. [*reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] "Jove knows, I love:

But who?

Lips do not move;

No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows?—the number 's altered!"—"No man must know:"—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!^b

Mal. "I may command, where I adore.

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl^c checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.^d There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

^a *The number 's altered*—the number of the metrical feet is altered.

^b *Brock*—badger.

^c *Stannyl*—the common hawk.

^d *Formal*—reasonable. *A formal man* is a man in his senses.

Fab. Bowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—Malvolio;—*M.*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say that he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—

“If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with^a a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY.”

Daylight and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I

^a *Be opposite with*—be of a different opinion—do not hold with him

will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,* and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

* *Tray trip*—supposed to be draughts.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests ; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I 'll make one too.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies^a by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove^b to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

^a *Lies*—sojourns, dwells.

^b *Cheveril glove*—a kid glove, an easy-fitting glove.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something : but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you ; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool ?

Clo. No, indeed, sir ; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband 's the bigger ; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir ; 't is well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar : Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin : I might say, element ; but the word is overworn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool ;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time ;

And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK.*

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is
desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she is
the list ^a of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir ; ^b put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I
understand what you mean by bidding me taste my
legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance : But
we are prevented.^c

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain
odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier ! " Rain
odours ! " well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own
most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

^a List—limit, bound.

^b Taste was used by the Elizabethan poets for try ;—the use
of the word was not limited to touch by the palate.

^c Prevented—anticipated, gone before.

Sir And. "Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed :"—
I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my
bearing. [*Exeunt SIR TO., SIR AND., and MAM.*]
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment :
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours ;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf :—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;
I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you : I did send
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you ; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving*

Enough is shown ; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart : So let me hear you speak.

* *Receiving*—comprehension.

Vio. I pity you.

Ol. That 's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise;* for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Ol. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again :
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !

If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf ! [*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
You wife is like to reap a proper man :

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe :

Grace, and good disposition, 'tend your ladyship !

You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Ol. Stay :

I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Ol. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Ol. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murth'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :—

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter ;—

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

* *Grise*—step.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours
to the count's servingman, than ever she bestowed upon
me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me
that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her to-
ward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of
judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since
before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight,
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver:
You should then have accosted her; and with some
excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have
banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for
at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt
of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are

now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my mecs shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt* and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*. Go.

[*Exit SIR AND.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he

* *Curt*—crabbed.

were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine^a comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much

^a *Wren of nine.* The wren hatches many eggs; Sidney calls her "the multiplying wren."

As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts ; which, to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable : My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks : and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay ;
But, were my worth,^a as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night ;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you 'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people ?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be laps'd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse,
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

^a *Worth*—fortune, wealth.

Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he 'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,^a
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He 's coming, madam ; but in very strange
manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your
ladyship were best have some guard about you, if he
come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho ! [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

^a Civil—grave.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is. "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'t was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt OLI. and MAR.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.^a Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FANIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?

^a *Fellow.* Malvolio accepts the word in the old sense of companion.

If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is :—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prithes, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark-room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it; I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in

my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage,

skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on 't:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't:
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I
know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody
as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dis-

mount thy tack, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath fir him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,^a is his word; give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit SIR TOBY.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

^a *Hob, nob*—at random, come what will.

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 't is against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,* I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*To ANT.*

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

[*To SIR AND.*
Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I pro-

* Undertaker—one who undertakes another's quarrel.

mised you, I'll be as good as my word : He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man ; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away ; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you ; But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it. What will you do ? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse : It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd ; But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something : my having is not much ; I'll make division of my present with you : Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ? Is't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery, Lest that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ; Nor know I you by voice, or any feature : I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O Heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little This youth that you see here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;

Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What 's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vild an idol proves this god!—

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—

In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANT.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we 'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother, and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.**Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.* ^a

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.^a—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There 's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.^b

^a May it not be, spoken aside, "I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney"—a foolish fellow? Such an inversion is not uncommon. We point the passage as in the original.

^b The meaning obviously is—after the rate of fourteen years' purchase. This was a high rate; and any money given to fools for a good report was buying the commodity of reputation at a high rate.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you. [*Striking SEB.*]

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there :
Are all the people mad? [*Beating SIR AND.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding SEB.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—

Rudesby, be gone?—I prithee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt SIR TO., SIR AND., and FAB*]
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent^a

^a *Extent.* Johnson supposes that the word is here applied with reference to the legal process of *extent*. But here *extent* may be used in the sense of *stretch*; as we say a *stretch* of power—of violence.

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd
by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate;
do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [Exit MAR.]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble^a my-
self in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissem-
bled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become
the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good
student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good
housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man,
and a great scholar. The competitors^b enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to
a niece of king Gorboduc, "That that is, is:" so I,
being master parson, am master parson: For what is
that, but that? and is, but is?

^a *Dissemble*—diagnose, divest of likeness.

^b *Competitors*—confederates.

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories^a towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complaine'st thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

^a *Clear-stories* A *clerestory*, or *clear-story*, is that part of the nave, or choir, of a church which rises above the aisles, in which an upper tier of windows is usually introduced.

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt SIR TO. and MAR.*]

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,

Tell me how thy lady does "

[*Singing*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well ? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, assess, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say ; the minister is here. —Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore ! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent* for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper ; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir !

Mal. By this hand, I am : Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady ; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed ? or do you but counterfeit ?

Mal. Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree : I prithee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,

* Shent—reproved.

I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain ;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil :
Like a mad lad,
I'are thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman devil.

| *Exit*SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.**Enter SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun :
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't :
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant :
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,^a
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service :
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad ; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does : there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,

^a *This credit*—this belief, this thing believed.

Into the chantry by : there, before him.
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace : He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth,—What do you say ?

Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way, good father :—And heavens
so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine ! | *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplez*,^a sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful^b grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

^a *Triplez.* Triple time in music; a measure in which each bar divides into three equal parts, and is counted one, two, three.

^b *Scathful*—harmful, destructive.

That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What 's the matter ?

I Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from Candy ;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me.
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give
me :

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wrack past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication : for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now Heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unuspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill what I love;^a a savage jealousy,

^a Thyamis; in Heliodorus.

That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this :
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario ?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife ;
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you
wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—
Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come, away. [To *VIOLA*.

Oli. Whither, my lord ? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father !

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know.
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou
be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?^a
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one
presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has
given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of
God, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were
at home.

^a Case—skin.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set upon to do 't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BRICH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one; he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clow. O, he 's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, SIR TO., and SIR AND.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam I have hurt your kinsman;

But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oh. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd;—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed:

But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow,

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To OLIVIA.]

But nature to her bias drew in that
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To *Vio.*
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
'They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting^a frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stove's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—"By the Lord, madam,"—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.^b

Oli. Prithee, read it thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[*To FABIAN*

Fab. [*Reads.*]

"By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

^a *Extracting*—absorbing.

^b When the Clown begins to read, he raves and gesticulates; upon which Olivia says, "Art thou mad?" His answer is clear enough: you must allow vox—you must let me use my voice—if I am to read madness as it ought to be read.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought
on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please
you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer.

Your master quits you; [*To VIOLA*] and, for your ser-
vice done him,

So much against the mettle* of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

Oli.

A sister?—You are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli.

Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal.

Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.

Oli.

Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, excuse that
letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand;

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;

Or say, 't is not your seal, not your invention:

You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,

* *Mettle*—temper, disposition.

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour ;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you ;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people :
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck^a and gull
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell me why.

Ol. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad ; thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithce, be content :
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee :
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him : Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance ;^b
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;

^a *Geck*. To *geck* is to deride, and hence a *geck* is one derided.

^b *Importance*—importunity.

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee !

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude ; one sir Topas, sir ; but that 's all one :—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;"—But do you remember ? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he 's gagged ;" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :
He hath not told us of the captain yet ;
When that is known, and golden time convene,^a
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence—Cesario, come :
For so you shall be while you are a man ;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas ! to wife,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

^a *Convents*—serves, agrees, is convenient.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit*

END OF

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR, WHAT YOU WILL.



AS YOU LIKE IT.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'*As You Like It*' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. There appears to have been an intention to publish it separately, for we find it entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, together with '*Henry V.*' and '*Much Ado about Nothing.*' There is no exact date to this entry, but it is conjectured to have been made in 1600. The text of the original folio is, upon the whole, a very correct one.

Of all Shakspeare's comedies we are inclined to think that '*As You Like It*' is the most *read*. It possesses not the deep tragic interest of '*The Merchant of Venice*,' nor the brilliant wit and diverting humour of '*Much Ado about Nothing*,' nor the prodigal luxuriance of fancy which belongs to '*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*,' nor the wild legendary romance which imparts its charm to '*A Winter's Tale*,' nor the grandeur of the poetical creation of '*The Tempest*.' The peculiar attraction of '*As You Like It*' lies, perhaps, in the circumstance that "in no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakspeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." This is the character which Mr. Hallam gives of this comedy, and it appears to us a very just one. But in another place Mr. Hallam says, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience. The memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worsenature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by chance or circumstances, peculiarly

teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of ‘*Lea*’ and ‘*Timon*,’ but that of one primary character, the measure of mankind. *This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, through not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play.*” Mr. Hallam then notices the like type in ‘*Measure for Measure*’ and the altered ‘*Hamlet*,’ as well as in ‘*Lear*’ and ‘*Timon*;’ and adds, “In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in ‘*Macbeth*’ and ‘*The Tempest*,’ much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.” Without entering into a general examination of Mr. Hallam’s theory, which evidently includes a very wide range of discussion, we must venture to think that the type of character *first* seen in Jaques, and presenting a graver cast in the exiled Duke, is so modified by the whole conduct of the action of this comedy, by its opposite characterisation, and by its prevailing tone of reflection, that it offers not the slightest evidence of having been produced at a period of the poet’s life “when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience.” The charm which this play appears to us to possess in a most remarkable degree, even when compared with other works of Shakspeare, is that, while we behold “the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature”—we use Mr. Hallam’s own forcible expression)—we also see the serene brow and the playful smile, which tell us that “the philoso-

phic eye" belongs to one who, however above us, is still akin to us—who tolerates our follies, who compassionates even our faults, who mingles in our gaiety, who rejoices in our happiness; who leads us to scenes of surpassing loveliness, where we may forget the painful lessons of the world, and introduces us to characters whose generosity, and faithfulness, and affection, and simplicity may obliterate the sorrows of our "experience of man's worsen nature." It is not in Jaques alone, but in the entire dramatic group, that we must seek the tone of the poet's mind, and to that have our own minds attuned. Mr. Campbell, speaking of the characters of this comedy, says, "Our hearts are so stricken by these *benevolent* beings that we easily forgive the other more culpable but at last repentant characters." This is not the effect which could have been produced if the dark shades of a painful commerce with the world had crossed that "sunshine of the breast" which lights up the "inaccessible" thickets, and sparkles amidst the "melancholy boughs" of the forest of Arden. Jaques may be Shakspeare's first type "of the censurer of mankind;" but Jaques is precisely the reverse of the character which the poet would have chosen, had he intended the censure to have more than a dramatic force—to be universally true and not individually characteristic.

"Ay, now am I in Arden!" Touchstone thought that when he was at home he was in a better place. But *here* is the home of every true lover of poetry. What a world of exquisite images do Shakspeare's pictures of this forest call up! He gives us no positive set descriptions, of trees, and flowers, and rivalets, and

fountains,—such as we may cut out and paste into an album. But a touch here and there carries us into the heart of his living scenery. And so, whenever it is our happy lot to be wandering

“ Under the shade of melancholy boughs,”

we think of the oak beneath which Jaques lay along,—

“ whose antique root peeps out ;”

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;”

and of the dingle where Touchstone was with Audrey and her goats ; and of the

“ Sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees,”

where dwelt Rosalind and Celia ; and of the hawthorns and brambles upon which Orlando hung odes and elegies. In this delicious pastoral the real is blended with the poetical in such intimate union, that the highest poetry appears to be as essentially natural as the most familiar gossip ; and the loftiest philosophy is interwoven with the occurrences of every-day life, so as to teach us that there is a philosophical aspect of the commonest things. It is this spirit which informs Shakspeare's forest of Arden with such life, and truth, and beauty, as belongs to no other representation of pastoral scenes ; which takes us into the depths of solitude, and shows us how the feelings of social life alone can give us

“ tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything ;”

which builds a throne for intellect “ under the green-wood tree,” and there, by *characteristic* satire, gently indicates to us the vanity of the things which bind us to the *world* ; whilst he teaches us that *life* has its happiness in the cultivation of the affections,—in content and independence of spirit

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

FREDERICK, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

AMIENS, a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

JAQUES, a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment.

Appears, Act II. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 4.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick

Appears, Act I. sc. 2

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OLIVER, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 3
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*

JAQUES, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Appears, Act V. sc. 4

ORLANDO, son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

ADAM, servant to Oliver.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

DENNIS, *servant to Oliver.**Appears, Act I. sc. 1.*TOLCHISTONK, *a clown.**Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2, sc. 3.**Act V. sc. 1, sc. 3, sc. 4.*SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.**Appears, Act III. sc. 3. ♀*CORIN, *a shepherd.**Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.*SILVIUS, *a shepherd.**Appears, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2.**Act V. sc. 2, sc. 4.*WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.**Appears, Act V. sc. 1.**A person representing Hymen.**Appears, Act V. sc. 4.*ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.**Appears, Act I. sc. 2, sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2, sc. 4;
sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.**Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.
sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4.*PHEBE, *a shepherdess.**Appears, Act III. sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.*AUDREY, *a country wench.**Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.*

SCENE,—FIRST, NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTER-
WARDS, PARTLY IN THE USURPER'S COURT, AND
PARTLY IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, *stays*^a me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance^b seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines^c my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, be-

^a *Stays*—detains.

^b *His countenance*—his behaviour, his bearing.

^c *Mines*—undermines, seeks to destroy.

gins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.*

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

* *Be naught or be nought* was a petty malediction; and thus Oliver says no more than—be better employed, and be hanged to you.

Ol. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: * I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Ol. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Ol. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Ol. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Ol. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

* *Villain.* We have here the two meanings of the word. Oliver uses it in the sense of worthless fellow; Orlando in that of one of mean birth—the original sense.

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what 's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you

with a matter I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day-living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship. [Exit.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this

gamester :^a I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle ; never schooled and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved ;^b and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised : but it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all : nothing remains but that I kindle^c the boy thither, which now I 'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Col. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of ; and would you yet I were merrier ? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Col. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee : if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine ; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Col. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have ; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir : for what he hath taken away from thy father, perforce, I will render thee again in affection ; by mine honour I will ; and when I break that oath let me

^a *Gamester*—adventurer at this game.

^b *Enchantingly beloved*—beloved, of all ranks, to a degree that looks like enchantment.

^c *Kindle*—instigate.

turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'T is true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation,* one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

* Taxation--satire.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammell.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, monsieur le Beau*: What 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.*

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou looses^t thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze^b me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—“Be it known unto all men by these presents,”——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man,

* *Laid on with a trowel*—coarsely. A gross flatterer is still said to lay it on with a trowel.

^b *Amaze*—confuse.

their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking^a of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.^a In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur le Beau.

^a Odds in the man. The meaning would appear to be, the challenger is unequal.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*
Le Beau Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein^a I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

^a *Wherein* is used in the sense of *in that*

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.]
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit DUKE FRED., TRAIN, and LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,*
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

* Calling—name.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind :
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him.
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly * as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back : My pride fell with my for-
tunes :
I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you :—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

* *But justly*—but as justly

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applaus, and love ;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,^a
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous ;^b what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me thus ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :—
But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have
mercy !—not a word ?

^a Condition—temper.

^b Humorous—capricious.

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon cures; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child: O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;* yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

* *Dearly*—extremely.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros.

Me, uncle?

Duke F.

You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st ~~would~~
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros.

I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desire,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F.

Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros.

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F.

Thou art thy father's daughter, there's
enough.

Ros.

So was I when your highness took his duke-
dom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel.

Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F.

Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake.
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;^a
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor.
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth-
ness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide your-
self;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt DUKE FRED. and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pris thee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

^a *Remorse*—compassion.

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly.

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change^a upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale.

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maid as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face,

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)

We'll have a swashing^b and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a
man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

^a Change—reverse.

^b Swashing. To *swash* is to make a noise of swords against targets.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go in we content,
To liberty, and not to banishment.

| *Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.^a
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,

^a We print this passage according to the old reading—

“Here feel we not the penalty of Adam;”

and we have pointed the passage very differently from the usual mode; for, what is “the penalty of Adam”? All the commentators say, “the seasons' difference.” On the contrary, it was, “*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*” “*The seasons' difference,*” it must be remembered, was ordained before the fall, and was in no respect a penalty. The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from “the penalty of Adam.”

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me^a the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city, —
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads^b
Have their round haunches gor'd.

I Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hunt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

I Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless^c stream;
"Poor dear," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

^a *Irks me.* This active use of the verb *irk* has become obsolete. The meaning is obvious from the adjective, which we still retain, *irksome*.

^b *Forked heads*—the heads of barbed arrows.

^c *Needless*—needing not.

To that which had too much." Then being there alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend ;^a
 " 'T is right," quoth he ; " thus misery doth part
 The flux of company : " Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him ; " Ay," quoth Jaques,
 " Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'T is just the fashion : Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ? "
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life : swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,^b
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contempla-
 tion ?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place
 I love to cope^c him in these sullen fits,
 For then he 's full of matter.

2 Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them ?
 It cannot be : some villains of my court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.

^a *Friend.* The singular is often used for the plural with a sense more abstracted, and therefore in many instances more poetical.

^b *Kill them up.* In the same way Shakspeare has " flatter up," "—" stifle up," "—" poison up."

^c *Cope*—encounter.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish^a clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant
hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail^b
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What! my young master!—O, my gentle
master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

^a *Roynish*—literally, mangy; the French *rogneux*

^b *Quail*—slacken.

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place,^a this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,^b and bloody brother

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,

^a *This is no place*—this is no abiding-place.

^b *A diverted blood*—affections alienated and turned out of their natural course, as a stream of water is said to be *diverted*.

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together:
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:^a
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

^a *Too late a week*—an indefinite period, but still a short period; somewhat too late.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how merry ^a are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.^b

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,^c if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I, when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love so,)

^a *Merry.* Rosalind's merriment was assumed as well as her dress.

^b The double negative was not considered a violation of grammar in Shakspeare's time.

^c *Cross*—a piece of money stamped with a cross.

How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing^a thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Ex S. L.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler,^b and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.^c

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

^a *Wearing.* To wear, and to wear are the same, in the sense of the text.

^b *Batler*—the bat used in washing linen in a stream.

^c *Mortal in folly*—extremely foolish.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food ;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla ; you clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say :—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fain't for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages : I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. | *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn^a his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy.
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged;^b I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nav, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he

^a Turn—modulate.

^b Ragged—broken, discordant.

renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song—Sirs, come while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable^a for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
As if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdame*?

Jaq. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.^b

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

^a *Disputable*—disputatious.

^b *The first-born of Egypt*—a proverbial expression for high born persons.

SCENE VI.—*The same.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further · O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable,^a hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact^b of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

^a *Be comfortable*—become susceptible of comfort.

^b *Compact*—compounded, made up of.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,

"Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune.

And then he drew a dial from his poke:

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:

'T is but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq.

It is my only suit:^a

Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob.^b If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleave the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou discharge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary^c very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city-woman hears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

^a Suit—request.

^b Bob—tap.

^c Weary—exhausted.

Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery^a is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing^b like a wild goose flies, ^a
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture.^c But, forbear, I say
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. Ah you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness
shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you
I thought that all things had been savage here;

^a *Bravery*—finery.

^b *Taxing*—censure, reproach.

^c *Nurture*—education.

And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment : But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have look'd on better days ;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;
If ever sat at any good man's feast ;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied ;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days ;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;
And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command^a what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,^b age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye : and be blest'd for your good com-
fort ! [Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world 's a stage,

^a Upon command—at your pleasure.

^b Weak evils—causes of weakness.

And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome : Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIEUS sings.

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind^a

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,^b
Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

Duke S If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly liu'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

^a Unkind—unnatural

^b Warp. There was an old Saxon proverb, *Winter shall warp water.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument^a
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;^b bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our lands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Ol. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,^c and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey

^a *Argument*—subject-matter.

^b *Metaphorically*, seek him in every corner.

^c *Expediently*—promptly.

With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth away.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive^a she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life it is naught. In respect that it is solitary I like it very well; but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,^b or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

^a *Unexpressive*—inexpressible.

^b May complain of the want of good breeding.

Touch. Truly, thou art dammed; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous^b state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a bayer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw,

^a *Manners* is here used in the sense of morals.

^b *Parlous*—perilous.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm :^a and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper

Ros. "From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,^b
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair^c of Rosalind."

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.^d

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

^a Resigned to any evil.

^b *I in'd*—delineated.

^c *Fair*—beauty.

^d Shakspeare, probably, had in mind the *puck-horse* roads, where one traveller must follow another in single rank.

Winged garments must be luv'd,
 No must slender Rosalind.
 They that reap must sheaf and bind;
 Then to cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find,
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. "Why should this desert be?"
 For it is unpeopled? No.
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall evil sayings show.
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring^b pilgrimage;
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age.
 Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the smiles of friend and friend;
 But upon the flarest boughs,
 Or at every sentence's end,
 Will I Rosalinda write;
 Teaching all that read, to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little^a show.

^a *Desert* is here an adjective opposed to *civil*.

^b *Erring*—wandering.

^c *In little*—in miniature.

Therefore Heaven nature charg'd
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd :
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek but not her heart ;
 Cleopatra's majesty ;
 Atalanta's better part ;
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd ;
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches^a dearest pris'd.
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter ! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now ! back, friends ;—Shepherd, go off a little : go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt CEL. and TOUCH.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That 's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how the name should be hanged and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this ?

^a *Touches*—traits.

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping^a

Ros. Good my complexion^b dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.^c I prithee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

^a There is an old proverbial phrase, *out of cry*, meaning beyond all measure.

^b A little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty, in the nature of a small oath.

^c My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any farther I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South-sea.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak and brow, and true maid.^a

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?^b What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth^c first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to the tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my hart!

^a Speak with a serious countenance, and as a true maid.

^b *Wherein went he?*—in what dress did he go?

^c *Gargantua's mouth*—the mouth of the giant of Rabelais who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen : thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman ? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out :^a—Soft ! comes he not here ?

Ros. 'T is he ; sink by, and note him. *¶*

[*Cel. and Ros. retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name ?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of ?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers : Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

Orl. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

^a *Bring me out*—put me out.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher

Jaq. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit JAQ.—CEL. and Ros. come forward.*]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there is no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal? *Al.*

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed^a a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till its fellow fault came to match it.

^a Removed—remote.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable^a spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard^b is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device^c in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But—

^a *Unquestionable*—not to be questioned, not to be conversed with.

^b *Having in beard*—your possession in beard; *having* is a substantive.

^c *Point-devue*—minutely exact.

in good sooth, are you he that hangs the vases on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living* humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by

* *Living*—actual, positive.

the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live : Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind :—Come, sister, will you go ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAQUES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey, I will fetch up your goats, Audrey : And how, Audrey, am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

Aud. Your features ! Lord warrant us ! what features ?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited !^a worse than Jove in a thatched house ! [*Aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room : Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is : is it honest in deed and word ? Is it a true thing ?

Touch. No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical ?

Touch. I do, truly : for thou swear'st to me thou art honest ; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest ?

^a *Ill-inhabited*—ill-lodged.

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!^a

[*Aside*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.^b

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.^b

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

[*Aside*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.^c Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence^d is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

^a A fool with matter in him.

^b *Foul* is here used in the sense of *homely*—opposed to *fair*.

^c *Rascal* is the hunter's term given to deer lean and out of season.

^d Any means of defence is better than the lack of science; in proportion as something is to nothing.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver :—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met : Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel ?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman ?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed : I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master "What ye call 't :"
How do you, sir ? You are very well met : God 'ild you^a for your last company : I am very glad to see you :—Even a toy in hand here, sir :—Nay ; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley ?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar ? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another : for he is not like to marry me well ; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

[*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey :
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver !

^a God yield you—give you recompense.

Not O sweet Oliver,
 O brave Oliver,
 Leave me not behind thee;
 But wind away,
 Begone I say,
 I will not to wedding with thee

[*Exeunt* JAQ., TOUCH., and AUD.

Sir Oli. 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave
 of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,* or a worm-eaten nut.

* The goblet is covered when it is empty; when full to be drunk out of, the cover is removed.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question^a with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there 's such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*

^a Question—discourse.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
 Say, that you love me not; but say not so
 In bitterness: The common executioner,
 Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
 But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
 Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
 'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
 That eyes, that are the frailest and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down.
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable^a impressure,
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

^a Capable—able to receive.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who
might be your mother?
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,

(*As, by my faith, I see no more in you*
Than without candle may go dark to bed
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—O's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'T is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fallen in love with your foulness, and she 'll fall in love with my anger : If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsèr than vows made in wine :
Beside, I like you not : If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by :—
Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard ;
Come, sister : Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ros., CEL., and Con.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might ;
" Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ? "

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be ;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love ; Is not that neighbourly ?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee ;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love :
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure ; and I 'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Ph. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot^a once was master of.

Ph. Think not I love him, though I ask for him,
'T is but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—
But, sure, he 's proud ; and yet his pride becomes
him :

He 'll make a proper man : The best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he 's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 't was just the differ-
ence

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel why I answer'd not again :

^a *Carlot*—churl or peasant.

But that 's all one : omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe.

I 'll write it straight :

The matter 's in my head, and in my heart :

I will be bitter with him, and passing short :

Go with me, Silvius.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;^a nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

^a *Nice*—affected.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jag. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit]

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you list, and wear strange suits; disable^a all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer^b than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a

^a Disable—detract from.

^b Leer—feature.

holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers* of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men

* We must accept *chroniclers* in the sense of *coroners*.

have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But, come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando,"—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. 'Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever : No, no, Orlando ; men are April when they woo, December when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so ?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : Make the doors^a upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“ Wit, whither wilt ? ”

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner, by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways ;—I knew what you would prove ; my friends told me as much, and I

^a *Make the doors*—the language of the midland counties for making fast the doors.

thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so.—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my truth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: Adieu! [*Exit ORL.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let 's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1 Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it.

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando!*

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone
forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this

[*Giving a letter.*

* *Much Orlando*—ironically, a great deal of Orlando

I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor : pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all :
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix ; Oul 's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands ;
She has a huswife's hand : but that 's no matter :
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me : Mark how the tyrant writes.

“ Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ? ”— [Reads.]

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance^a to me.—"

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind^b
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;^c
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to
be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love
hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her;—
That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she
will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for
her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word;
for here comes more company. [Exit SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Ol. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

^a Vengeance—mischief.

^b Kind—kindly affections.

^c Make—make up.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand,* brings you to the place :
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There 's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments, and such years : " The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister : the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin ; Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd

* Left on your right hand—being, as you pass, left.

The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead ;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Col. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did render * him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Ol. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando ;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Ol. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd as :
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,^b
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Col. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescued ?

Col. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill
him ?

Ol. 'T was I ; but 't is not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

Ol. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,

* *Render*—represent.

^b *Just occasion*—such reasonable ground as might have
amply justified, or given just occasion for, abandoning him.

Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?
[*ROSALIND faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Oel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

OK. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great tes-
timony in your complexion, that it was a passion of
earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit
to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Ce. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oh. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.* ♀

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 't is: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God!—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So so is good, very good, very excellent good : and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying ; " The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent,^a that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'errun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

| *Exit.*

^a *Consent—concur.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away.

Triph. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate^a upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

^a Estate—settle.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound,^a when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thraasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,^b or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosa-

^a Sound—swoon.

^b Incontinent—Immediately.

kind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliens shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love me?

[*To Ros.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To Phe.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, "why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*to SILVIUS*] if I can:—I would love you, [*to PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*to PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*to ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I 'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.* Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

* To be married.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met : Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you : sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without sawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn field did pass,

In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

III.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

IV.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Ol. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the DUKE.*]
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*]

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To PHEBE.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To SIL.*]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep you your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me;
 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd :—
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
 If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
 To make these doubts all even. [*Ex. ROS. and CEN.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
 Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
 Methought he was a brother to your daughter :
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many ~~liberal~~ ^{liberal} studies by his uncle,
 Whom we reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these
 couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of
 very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called
 fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the
 motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in
 the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to
 my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered
 a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth
 with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have
 had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?*

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was
 upon the seventh cause?

Jaq. How, seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this
 fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

* *Ta'en up*—made up.

Touch. God 'ld you, sir; I desire you of the *file*. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming," Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the "Retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the "Quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled^b my judgment: This is called the "Reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the "Reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the "Countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the "Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "Lie direct:" and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

^a *Seeming*—seemly.

^b *Disabled*—impeached.

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Counter-check quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I know when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*
Good duke, receive thy daughter
Hymen from heaven brought her
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To DUKE S.*
[*To ORLANDO.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

* Atone together—unite.

Pho. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To DUKE S.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To ORL.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To PHE.*

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'T is I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here 's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

[*To ORL. and Ros.*

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To OLI. and CRL.*

You [*to PHE.*] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[*To TOUCH. and AUD.*

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;^a

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'T is Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

^a Questioning—discoursing.

Ph. I will not eat my word ; now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine. [To SIL.]

Enter JAKES DE BOIS

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two ;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd * a mighty power ; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world :
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd : This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :—
Play, music ;—and you brides and bridegrooms all
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience ; If I heard you rightly,

* Address'd—prepared.

The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath ; [*To DUKE S.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it :—
You [*to ORLANDO*] to a love that your true faith doth
merit .—

You [*to OLIVER*] to your land, and love, and great al-
lies :—

You [*to SILVIUS*] to a long and well-deserved bed :—
And you [*to TOUCHSTONE*] to wrangling ; for thy lov-
ing voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd :—So to your pleasures ;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I :—what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they 'll end in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue :
but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the
prologue. If it be true, that "good wine needs no
bush," 't is true, that a good play needs no epilogue :
Yet to good wine they do use good bushes ; and good
plays prove the better for the help of good epilogues.
What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epi-
logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a
good play ! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore
to beg will not become me : my way is, to conjure
you ; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you,
O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much
of this play as please you : and I charge you, O men,

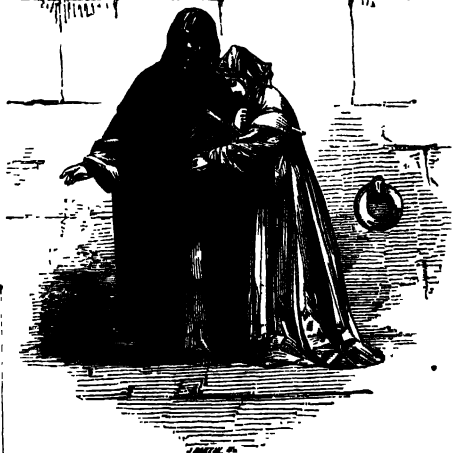
for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your snapering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF

AS YOU LIKE IT

MEASURE FOR MEASURE



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The original edition is divided into acts and scenes. It also gives the enumeration of characters as we have printed them, such a list of "the names of the actors" being rarely presented in the early copies. It has been recently ascertained that 'Measure for Measure' was presented at Court by the King's players (the company to which Shakspeare belonged) in 1604.

The general outline of the story upon which 'Measure for Measure' is founded is presented to us in such different forms, and with reference to such distinct times and persons, that, whether historically true or not, we can have no doubt of its universal interest. It is told of an officer of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; of Oliver *le Diable*, the wicked favourite of Louis XI.; of Colonel Kirke, in our own country; of a captain of the Duke of Ferrara. In all these cases an unhappy woman sacrifices her own honour for the promised safety of one she loves; and in all, with the exception of the case of Colonel Kirke, the abuser of authority is punished with death. Whatever interest may attach to the narrative of such an event, it is manifest that the dramatic conduct of such a story is full of difficulty, especially in a scrupulous age. But the public opinion, which,

in this particular, would operate upon a dramatist in our own day, would not affect a writer for the stage in the times of Elizabeth and James; and, in point of fact, plots far more offensive became the subject of very popular dramas long after the times of Shakspeare. It appears to us that, adopting such a subject in its general bearings, he has managed it with uncommon adroitness by his deviations from the accustomed story. By introducing a contrivance by which the heroine is not sacrificed, he preserves our respect for her, which would be involuntarily lost if she fell, even though against her own will; and by this management he is also enabled to spare the great offender without an unbearable violation of our sense of justice.

The leading idea of the character of Isabella is that of one who abides the direst temptation which can be presented to a youthful, innocent, unsuspecting, and affectionate woman—the temptation of saving the life of one most dear, by submitting to a shame which the sophistry of self-love might represent as scarcely criminal. All other writers who have treated the subject have conceived that the temptation could not be resisted. Shakspeare alone has confidence enough in female virtue to make Isabella never for a moment even doubt of her proper course. But he has based this virtue, most unquestionably, upon the very highest principle upon which any virtue can be built. The foundation of Isabella's character is religion. The character of Angelo is the antagonist to that of Isabella. In a city of licentiousness he is

“A man of stricture and firm abstinence.”

He is

"Precise;

Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows."

He is one who

"Doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast."

But he wanted the one sustaining principle by which Isabella was upheld. After Shakspeare had conceived the character of Isabella, and in that conception had made it certain that her virtue must pass unscathed through the fire, he had to contrive a series of incidents by which the catastrophe should proceed onward through all the stages of Angelo's guilt of intention, and terminate in his final exposure. Mr. Hallam says, "There is great skill in the invention of Mariana, and without this the story could not have anything like a satisfactory termination." But there is great skill also in the management of the incident in the Duke's hands, as well as in the invention; and this is produced by the wonderful propriety with which the character of the Duke is drawn. He is described by Hazlitt as a very imposing and mysterious stage character, absorbed in his own plots and gravity. This is said depreciatingly. But it is precisely this sort of character that Shakspeare meant to put in action.

And here, then, as it appears to us, we have a key to the purpose of the poet in the introduction of what constitutes the most unpleasant portion of this play,—the exhibition of a very gross general profligacy. There is an atmosphere of impurity hanging like a dense fog

over the city of the poet. The philosophical ruler, the saintly votress, and the sanctimonious deputy, appear to belong to another region to that in which they move. This, possibly, was not necessary for the higher dramatic effects of the comedy; but it was necessary for those lessons of political philosophy which we think Shakspeare here meant to inculcate, and which he appears to us on many occasions to have kept in view in his later plays. In this play he manifests, as we apprehend, his philosophical view of a corrupt state of manners fostered by weak government: but the subject is scarcely dramatic, and it struggles with his own proper powers.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1, sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1.

ANGELO, *the deputy [in the Duke's absence].*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 1.

ESCALUS, *an ancient lord [joined with Angelo in the
deputation].*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1.

LUCIO, *a fantastic.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3, sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2. Act III.
sc. 2, sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

Two other like Gentlemen.

Appear, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Provost.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III.
sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2, sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

THOMAS, *a friar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4.

PETER, *a friar.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

A Justice.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ELBOW, *a simple constable.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.

FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

Clown.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2; sc.

ABHORSON, *an executioner.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3, sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FRANCISCA, *a nun.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE,—VIENNA.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;
Since I am put to know,^a that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists^b of all advice
My strength can give you : Then, no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able ;
And let them work.^c The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms^d
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember : There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear ?

^a Put to know—equivalent to *I cannot avoid knowing.*

^b Lists—limits.

^c We encounter at the onset one of the obscure passages for which this play is remarkable. We believe it may be read thus, without much difficulty: *Then, no more remains*: (to say on government) *But that*, (your science) *to your sufficiency*, (joined to your authority) *as your worth* (as well as your virtue) *is able*; (equal to the duty) *and let them work* (call them into action).

^d Terms. Blackstone explains this to mean the technical language of the courts.

For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply ;
 Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love ;
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power : What think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character^a in thy life,
 That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold : Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do ;
 Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
 But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use.^b But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise ;^c
 Hold,^d therefore, Angelo :

^a *Character* has here the original meaning of something engraved or inscribed ; *thy life* is thy habits.

^b *Use*—interest of money.

^c *My part in him* is, my part deputed to him, which he can *advertise*—direct his attention to—without my speech.

^d *Hold.* The word *hold* is, we believe, addressed to Angelo ; and used technically in the sense of *to have and to hold*. Hold, therefore, our power, Angelo

In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own:
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave

[*Exit.*

To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place :
A power I have ; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me :—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honours. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all
the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king
of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pi-
rate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but
scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions ; they
put forth to steal : There 's not a soldier of us all, that,
in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition
well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for I think thou never wast
where grace was said.

2 Gent. No ? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What ? in metre ?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay ! why not ? Grace is grace, despite of all

controversy : As for example : Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the lists and the velvet : Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet : thou art good velvet ; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee : I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now ?

Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong ; have I not ?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes ! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray ?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars * a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me : but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so sound as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow : impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now ? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

* *Dollars*—a quibble upon *dolours*.

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; Let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Ck. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here 's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I 'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What 's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let 's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there 's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers; LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of Heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,

^a To pay down by weight is to pay the full price or penalty.

So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin^a down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors : And yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as
the morality of imprisonment.—What's ~~my~~ offence,
Claudio ?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What ! is 't murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir ; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend :—*Lucio, a word with
you.* [*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me :—Upon a true con-
tract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed ;
You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order : this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness ;
Or whether that the body public be

^a *Ravin*—devour greedily.

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur ;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in.—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me :—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in
love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal
to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he 's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service ;
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation ;^a
Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
Implore her in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;
I have great hope in that : for in her youth
There is a prone^b and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may : as well for the encourage-
ment of the like, which else would stand under grievous
imposition ; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would
be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-
tack. I 'll to her.

^a *Approbation*—probation.

^b *Prone*. It appears to us that the word is here used in the
sense of *humble*.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth; and cost, and witless bravery keeps.^a
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture^b and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,)
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;^c
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod

^a *Keeps*—dwells.

^b *Stricture*—strictness.

^c *Slip*. The *Duke* compares himself with the animal "who goes not out to prey." He has let the laws slip.

Becomes more mock'd than fear'd : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander : And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pritheo,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;

But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [Within.

Isab. Who 's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn;
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you answer him. [Exit FRAN.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you:

Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.*

Lucio. 'T is true. I would not—though 't is my
familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;

* *Make me not your story—invent me not your story.*

By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is
thus :

Your brother and his lover * have embrac'd :
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison ; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him ?—My cousin
Juliet ?

Lucio. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as schoolmaids change their
names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her !

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action : but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo : a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense ;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

* *Lover*—mistress.

Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example ; all hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo : And that 's my pith of business
 Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
 Seek his life ?

Lucio. Hath censur'd * him already,
 And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
 For his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor
 Ability 's in me to do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt : Go to lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue
 Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I 'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;
 No longer staying but to give the mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :
 Commend me to my brother : soon at night
 I 'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu. [*Exeunt*

* *Censur'd*—sentenced.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in Angelo's House.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,^a Officers,
and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear^b the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,^c and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood^d
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,^e
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
justice,

^a The *Provost* is here a kind of sheriff—a keeper of prisoners.

^b To fear—to affright.

^c *Fall*. The verb is here used actively. We still say to *fall* a tree; and probably Shakspeare had this image in his mind.

^d Our blood may mean, our nature—the nature of man.

^e We must understand for after censure him.

That justice seizes. What know the laws,
 That thieves do pass on ^a thieves? 'T is very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
 Because we see it ; but what we do not see
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For ^b I have had such faults ; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost ?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning :

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd ;

For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him ! and forgive us all !
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :
 Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none ;
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if these be good
 people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their
 abuses in common houses, I know no law ; bring them
 away.

Ang. How now, sir ! What 's your name ? and what 's
 the matter ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's
 constable, and my name is Elbow ; I do lean upon
 justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good ho-
 nour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors ? Well ; what benefactors are they ?
 are they not malefactors ?

Elb. If it please your honour. I know not well what

^a Pass on—condemn, adjudicate.

^b For—because.

they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [To *Ang.*

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some

three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not ~~Urbian~~ dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then ;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there : I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less : Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit ANGELO.*]

Now, sir, come on : What was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

Clo. Once, sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir : What did this gentleman to her ?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face :
—Good master Froth, look upon his honour ; 't is for a good purpose : Doth your honour mark his face ?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face ?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him : Good then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right : Constable, what say you to it ?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest ; thou liest, wicked varlet : the time is yet to come that she was ever respected, with man, woman, or child.

Clo. ~~She~~ She was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is 't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the Clo.*]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship : For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well ; no more of it, master Froth : farewell [*Exit Froth.*].—Come you hither to me, master tapster ; what is your name, master tapster ?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else ?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you ; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not ? come, tell me true ; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey ? by being a hawd ? What do you think of the trade, Pompey ? is it a lawful trade ?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey : nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city ?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then : If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you : It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you 'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I 'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay : If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey : and, in requital of

your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade. [*Ex.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*]
What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :
But yet,—Poor Claudio !—There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause ; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know
His pleasure ; may be, he will relent : Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream !
All sects, all ages, smack of this vice ; and he
To die for 't—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost ?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea ? hadst thou not order ?
Why dost thou ask again ?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash :
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine :
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place ; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] You are
welcome: What 's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me

Ang. Well; what 's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine * the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give 't not o'er so: to him again,
entreat him;

* To fine is to sentence—to bring to an end.

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;
You are too cold : if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He 's sentenc'd ; 't is too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [To *Isab.*

Isab. Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : Well believe this,^a
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him ; there 's the vein. [*Aside.*

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas ! alas !

^a Well believe this—be well assured of this.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
 And He that might the vantage best have took
 Found out the remedy : How would you be,
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are ? O, think on that ;
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new made.^a

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
 It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
 It should be thus with him ;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow ? O, that 's sudden ! Spare him,
 spare him :

He 's not prepar'd for death ! Even for our kitchens
 We kill the fowl of season ;^b shall we serve Heaven
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you :
 Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
 There 's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
 slept :

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
 If the first that did the edict infringe
 Had answer'd for his deed ; now, 't is awake ;
 Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
 Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
 (Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
 Are now to have no successive degrees,
 But where they live, to end..

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice ;

^a This has, we think, reference to the fine allusion to the redemption which has gone before. Think on that, and you will then be as merciful as a man regenerate.

^b The fowl of season—when in season.

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That 's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but
thunder.

Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep: woe, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.*

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He 's coming, I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray Heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.

* We understand this passage,—as they are angels, they weep
at folly; if they had our spleens, they would laugh, as mortals.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to: 't is well; away. [*Aside to ISABEL.*]

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*]
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISAB., and Prov*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What 's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right

To let me see them ; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Proc. I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report : She is with child ;
And he that got it, sentenc'd : a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Proc. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you ; stay a while,

And you shall be conducted. [To JULIET.]

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I 'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed ?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter : but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven ;
Showing, we would not spare Heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil ;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention,^a hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,^b change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,^c thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who 's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. O Heavens! [*Exit Serv.*

^a *Invention*—imagination.

^b *Boot*—advantage.

^c *Case*—outside.

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,^a subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it would much better
please me,

Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.

^a *The general*—the people.

Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.^a

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

^a Your answer—for you to answer.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing had been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
(Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,

Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud,
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Erit.*]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them our and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture^a of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Erit.*]

^a *Prompture*—suggestion.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:

For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;

And what thou hast, forgett'st: Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor
 age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth.
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms ^{of}
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
 To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
 And seeking death find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace nere; grace and good
 company!

Prov. Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a
 welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here 's
 your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may
 be conceal'd. [*Exeunt DUKE and PROV.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what 's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most
 good indeed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

^a *Eld*—old age, or old people.

Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger :
Therefore your best appointment make with speed ;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live ;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance ?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance ; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope

Claud. But in what nature ?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother ; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :

Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The precise Angelo?

Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damued'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, Heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank
offence,

So to offend him still: This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted ^a spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling !—'t is too horrible !
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas ! alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live .
 What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
 That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast !
 O, faithless coward ! O, dishonest wretch !
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
 Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ?
 Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair !
 For such a warped slip of wilderness ^b
 Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance ;
 Die ; perish ! might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O fie, fie, fie !
 Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade :

^a *Delighted.* Does not the word (*de-lighted*) mean removed from the regions of light, which is a strictly classic use of the prepositive particle *de*, and very frequent in Shakspeare ?

^b *Wilderness*—wildness.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :

'T is best that thou diest quickly.

[*Going.*

Claud.

O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures ; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell. [*Exit CLAUD.*

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What 's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come you will be gone : Leave me a while with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.^a

[*Exit Prov.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair

^a *In good time*—very well, à la bonne heure.

The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good. A remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have a hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-

dowry; with both, her combinate^a husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

^a *Combinato*—betrothed.

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up : ~~Haste you~~ speedily to Angelo ; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St Luke's ; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana : At that place call upon me ; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort : Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter DUKE, as a Friar, to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drunk brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, Heavens ! what stuff is here ?

Clo. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsè allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm ; and furred with fox and lambskins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir :—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father : What offence hath this man made you, sir ?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law ; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir ; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah ; a bawd, a wicked bawd !
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live : Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir: he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, hail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain? Ha? What sayest thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: An unshunned consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey : Farewell : Go ; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey ? Or how ?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him : If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right : Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too : bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey : Commend me to the prison, Pompey : You will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear I will pay, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? Ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, — nor now. — What news abroad, friar ? What news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Lucio. Go, — to kennel, Pompey, go :

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke ?

Duke. I know none : Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where : But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a coldpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward^a of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'t is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you

^a Inward—intimate.

understand,—The greater file of the subject^a held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,^b must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful 'an opposite.^c But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I

^a The greater number of the people.

^b Helmed—steered through.

^c Opposite—adversary.

would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, thus Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now just it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit* in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.]
Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio

* Forfeit—transgress.

must die to-morrow : let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you !

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time : I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure ; but security* enough to make fellowships accursed : much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke ?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice : yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving

* *Security*—legal security, surety.

promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the Heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman, to the extreamest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you! [*Ex. ESCAL. and Prov*
He who the sword of Heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;^a
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness,^b made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things:
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*

^a *Go.* The to which precedes *stand* must be understood here.

^b *Likeness*—comeliness.

little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you [Exit

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd^a with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd^b;
And to that vineyard is a planched^c gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have taken a due and wary note upon 't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd^c him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

^a *Circummur'd*—walled round.

^b *Planch'd*—planked, made of boards.

^c *Possess'd*—informed.

Isab.

I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do ; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear .

I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;

The vaporous night approaches.

Mari.

Will 't please you walk aside ?

[*Exeunt MARI. and ISAB.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee ! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests *
Upon thy doings ! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies !—Welcome ! How
agreed ?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari.

Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish ^b the deceit. Come, let us go ;
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our title 's ^c to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

* *Quests*—inquisitions.

^b *Flourish*—bestow propriety and ornament, like rich work
upon a coarse ground.

^c *Tithe*. "Our corn 's to reap," and therefore we must go to
sow our *tithe*—our seed which is to produce tenfold.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief——

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hang-man is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: * for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHOR.*

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

* *Yare*—ready, nimble.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
 'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
 Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
 When it lies starkly ^a in the traveller's bones :
 He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?
 Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise ?

Heaven give your spirits comfort ! *[Knocking within.]*
[Exit CLAUD.]

By and by :—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
 For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
 Envelop you, good provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. . Not Isabel !

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ?

Duke. There 's some in hope

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd
 Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his power

To qualify ^b in others : were he meal'd ^c

With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;

But this being so, he 's just.—Now are they come.—

[Knocking within — Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost : Seldom, when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.

^a *Starkly*—stiffly.

^b *Qualify*—moderate.

^c *Meal'd*—compounded ; from *mester*.

How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with
haste,
That wounds the unsisting^a postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege^b of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me
this further charge, that you swerve not from the small-
est article of it, neither in time, matter, nor other cir-
cumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost
day.

Prov. I shall obey him. ^P [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin,
[*Aside.*

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:

^a *Unsisting.* This is one of Shakspeare's Latinisms, by which
he means, never at rest, from *sisto*, to stand still.

^b *Siege*—seat.

When vice makes mercy, mercy 's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:^a methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and, in the afternoon, Barnardine for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fall not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.^b

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what 's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the

^a Putting on—incitement.

^b Nine years old—during nine years.

liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Proc. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Proc. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Proc. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shroud, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in

request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Triple the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizey, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and have master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pota, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what 's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for 't

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with bullets: I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever

One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;

For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom^a on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home For my poor self,
I am combin'd^b by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,
to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am
fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not
for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set
me to t: But they say the duke will be here to-mor-
row. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the
old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home,
he had lived. [*Exit ISAB.*]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to
your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I
do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye
well.

^a Bosom—wish, heart's desire.

^b Combin'd—bound.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn I 'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir : fare you well. [*Exit.*
Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid !
 And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
 The law against it !—But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me ! Yet reason dares her No :^a
 For my authority bears^b of a credent bulk,
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
 With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd !
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift ;
 Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
 As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
 And tell him where I stay : give the like notice
 To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
 But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

^a Reason, which is here personified, dares her with the *no* which forbids her to speak.

^b *Bears* is used in the sense of figures,—is seen.

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI — *Street near the City Gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.^a

Mari.

Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab.

O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous^b and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, away. [*Exeunt.*]

^a *To veil full purpose*—to conceal the whole extent of his purpose.

^b *Generous* is here used in its Latin sense.

ACT V.

SCENE I — *A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance. Enter at opposite sides, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.*

Duke My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus ;
You must walk by us on our other hand ;
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time ; speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail^a your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !

^a Vail—lower.

O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
Be brief:

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,^a titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
(Such a dependency of thing on thing.)
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason seive
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That 's I, un't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.

^a Characts—inscriptions, official designations.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. the matter :—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd^a me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like^b as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice: ^c First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,

^a *Refell'd*—refuted.

^b *Like* is here used in the sense of *probable*.

^c *Practice*—craft, subornation.

And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!*—Heaven shield your grace from
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know you 'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that
Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling
friar.

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This is a good friar,
belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Bless'd be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

* *Countenance*—false appearance.

Duke.

We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere^a request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman.
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly^b and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke.

Good friar, let 's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and*

MARIANA comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O Heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial;^c be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

^a *Mere*—sole, unmixed, absolute.

^b *Vulgarly*—publicly.

^c *Impartial.* *Im* was frequently used as an augmentative particle; and the meaning therefore is *very partial*.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then :—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.
[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on :
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house, ♀
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman :
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition ;* but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity : since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife : As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument !

Ang. I did but smile till now ;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
My patience here is touch'd : I do perceive,

* Composition—agreement.

'These poor informal^a women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on : Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar ; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone ! think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation ?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd :
There is another friar that set them on ;
Let him be sent for.

I' Peter. Would he were here, my lord ; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement : I for a while
Will leave you ; but stay not you, till you have
Well determin'd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly.— [*Exit Duke*]
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that
fiar Lodowick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in
nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him : we shall find this
fiar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

^a *Informal*—without sense.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [*to an Attendant*] I would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the DUKE, in the Friar's habit, and Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [*to ISABELLA*] here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you

Lucio. Muin.

Escal. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—

Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's univert

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal : this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd fiar!
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him :—We'll touze
you

Joint by joint,—but we will know his purpose :
What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot ; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own ; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial : My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew : laws, for all faults ;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state ! Away with him to
prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Lucio ?

Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
baldpate : Do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of the
duke.

Lucio. O did you so ? And do you remember what
you said of the duke ?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a flesh-

monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.—Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots^a too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you baldpated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheepbiting face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; [*to Lucio*] for the friar and you must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave:

[*To Ang.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

^a *Giglots*—wantons.

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes^a. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession.
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana :—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her, instantly—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt ANG., MARI, PETER, and PROV.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel :
Your friar is now your prince : As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost : O most kind maid,

^a *Passes* is used, we believe, in the same sense as the somewhat obsolete word *passages*.

It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose : But peace be with him !
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PILTER, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake : but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested :
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage :
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband !

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come : for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour ;
Away with him to death —Now, sir, [to LUCIO] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my
part ;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service. .

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her :
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his pained bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.
O, Isabel ! will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
Let him not die : My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit 's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault :—

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord;
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What 's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;

I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow 's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [to ISABELLA] for his sake

Is he pardon'd: And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceiv's he 's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits* you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon:—
You, sirrah, [to LUCIO] that knew me for a fool, a

coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:^b If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman 's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there 's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a

* Quits—requites.

^b According to the trick—after the fashion of banter and exaggeration.

duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison: And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
There 's more behind that is more gratefull.*
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline,
What 's mine is yours and what is yours is mine:
So, bring us to our palace; where we 'll show
What 's yet behind, that 's meet you all should know
[*Exeunt.*

* *More gratefull*—more to be rejoiced in.

END OF

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION

OF



THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

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WINTER'S TALE.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

WE have no edition of the 'Winter's Tale' prior to that of the folio of 1623; nor was it entered upon the registers of the Stationers' Company previous to the entry by the proprietors of the folio. The original text, which is divided into acts and scenes, is remarkably correct.

The novel of Robert Greene, called 'Pandosto,' and 'The History of Dorastus and Fawnia,' which Shakspeare undoubtedly followed, with very few important deviations, in the construction of the plot of his 'Winter's Tale,' was a work of extraordinary popularity, there being fourteen editions known to exist.

"In the country of Bohemia," says the novel, "there reigned a king called Pandosto." The Leontes of Shakspeare is the Pandosto of Greene. The Polixenes of the play is Egistus in the novel:—"It so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion." Here, then, we have the scene of the action reversed. The jealous king is of Bohemia,—his injured friend of Sicilia. But the visitor sails into Bohemia. The most accomplished scholars of Shakspeare's period purposely committed such apparent vio-

lations of propriety, when dealing with the legendary and romantic. The wife of Pandosto is Bellaria; and they have a young son called Garinter. Pandosto becomes jealous, slowly, and by degrees; and there is at least some want of caution in the queen to justify it. The great author of 'Othello' would not deal with jealousy after this fashion. He had already produced that immortal portrait

"Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme"

He had now to exhibit the distractions of a mind to which jealousy was native; to depict the terrible access of passion, uprooting in a moment all deliberation, all reason, all gentleness. The instant the idea enters the mind of Leontes the passion is at its height.

The action of the novel and that of the drama continue in a pretty equal course. Pandosto tampers with his cupbearer, Franion, to poison Egistus; and the cupbearer, terrified at the fearful commission, reveals the design to the object of his master's hatred. Eventually they escape together. Bellaria is committed to prison, where she gives birth to a daughter. The guard "carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint." The queen appeals to the oracle of Apollo; and certain lords are sent to Delphos, where they receive his decree:—"Suspicion is no proof: jealousy is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chaste; Egistus blameless: Franion

a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe innocent; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found." On their return, upon an appointed day, the queen was "brought in before the judgment-seat." Shakspeare has followed a part of the tragical ending of this scene; but he preserves his injured Hermione, to be re-united to her daughter after years of solitude and suffering.

The story of the preservation of the deserted infant is prettily told in the novel. The infant is taken to the shepherd's home, and is brought up by his wife and himself under the name of Fawnia. In a narrative the lapse of sixteen years may occur without any violation of propriety. The changes are gradual. But in a drama, whose action depends upon a manifest lapse of time, there must be a sudden transition. Shakspeare is perfectly aware of the difficulty; and he diminishes it by the introduction of Time as a Chorus:—

"Impute it not a crime

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom."

Shakspeare has exhibited his consummate art in opening the fourth act with Polixenes and Camillo, of whom we have lost sight since the end of the first. Had it been otherwise,—had he brought Autolycus, and Florizel, and Perdita, at once upon the scene,—the continuity of action would have been destroyed; and the commencement of the fourth act would have appeared as the commencement of a new play. Shakspeare made the

difficulties of his plot bend to his art; instead of wanting art, as Ben Jonson says. Autolycus and the Clown prepare us for Perdita; and when the third scene opens, what a beautiful vision lights upon this earth! There perhaps never was such a union of perfect simplicity and perfect grace as in the character of Perdita. What an exquisite idea of her mere personal appearance is presented in Florizel's rapturous exclamation,—

" When you do dance, I wish you
A were of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that!"

In the novel we have no trace of the interruption by the father of the princely lover in the disguise of a guest at the shepherd's cottage. Dorastus and Fawnia flee from the country without the knowledge of the king. The ship in which they embark is thrown by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia. Messengers are despatched in search of the lovers; and they arrive in Bohemia with the request of Egistus that the companions in the flight of Dorastus shall be put to death. The secret of Fawnia's birth is discovered by the shepherd; and her father recognises her. But the previous circumstances exhibit as much grossness of conception on the part of the novelist, as the different management of the catastrophe shows the matchless skill and taste of the dramatist. We forgive Leontes for his early folly and wickedness; for during sixteen years has his remorse been bitter and his affection constant.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

MAMILLIUS, son to Leontes.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1

CAMILLO, a Sicilian lord.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1, sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3

ANTIGONUS, a Sicilian lord.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3.

CLEOMENES, a Sicilian lord.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1, sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

DION, a Sicilian lord.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

A Sicilian Lord.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.

ROGERO, a Sicilian gentleman.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3.

FLORIZEL, son to Polixenes.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian lord.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Mariner.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

Gaoler.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Clown, son to the old Shepherd.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2, sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Time, as Chorus.

Appears, Act IV.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

PALLINA, wife to Antigonus.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 3.*

EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Two Ladies attending on the Queen.

Appear, Act II. sc. 1.

MOPSA, a shepherdess.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

DORCAS, a shepherdess.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

**Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance;
Shepherd, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.**

**SCENE,—SOMETIMES IN SICILIA; SOMETIMES IN
BOHEMIA.**

A WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods;

and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;^a and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,

^a *Vast* probably has the meaning of great space

With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly!"^a Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's then: and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

^a The construction of this passage is somewhat involved: but the meaning is, O that no sneaplug (ruffling) winds at home may blow, to make us say my presages were too true.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong;
 But let him say so then, and let him go;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
 We 'll thrack him hence with distaffs.—
 Yet of your royal presence [*to POLIX.*] I 'll adventure
 The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission,
 To let^a him there a month, behind the ~~gate~~^b
 Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed,^c Leontes,
 I love thee not a jar o' the clock^d behind
 What lady she her lord.—You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
 Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
 To be your prisoner should import offending;
 Which is for me less easy to commit,
 Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
 But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you

^a To let is to hinder; and it is probably here used as a reflexive verb—to stay himself.

^b *Gest* is literally a lodging; and the houses or towns where a prince had assigned to stop in his progress, and of which a list was prepared with dates, were so called.

^c *Good deed*—indeed.

^d *Jar o' the clock*—the ticking of the pendulum.

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the
sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on
The offences we have made you do we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was 't before?

I prithee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us As fat as tame things: One good deed dying tongueless Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us, With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—

My last good deed was to entreat his stay; What was my first? it has an elder sister, Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose. When? Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter, "I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.— Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice; The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POL.]
Leon. Too hot, too hot: [Aside]

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods. I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances; But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment May a free face put on; derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, And well become the agent: it may, I grant: But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers, As now they are; and making practis'd smiles, As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were The mort o' the deer;* O, that is entertainment

* *The mort o' the deer*—the prolonged note of the hunter's horn at the death of the deer.

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I fecks?

Why, that 's my hawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose?—

They say it 's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling^a

[Observing POL. and HER.]

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,^b and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me:^c—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: But were they false
As o'er-died blacks,^d as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:^e Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may 't be?
Affection! thy intention^f stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,

^a *Virginalling*—playing with the fingers, as on a virginal—a rectangular spinet.

^b *Pash*. In the midland counties the tuft of hair between the horns of a bull is called the *pash*. The correct application of the local word is evident when we observe that Leontes has just said, "Art thou my calf?"

^c *Full like me*—quite like me.

^d *O'er-died blacks*—cloths died black a second time, or cloths originally of another colour died black; and so, false, because impaired in quality.

^e *Welkin eye*—blue eye.

^f *Affection* is imagination; *intention*, eagerness of attention.

Communicat'et with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
 With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing: Then, 't is very credent,^a
 Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost;
 (And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardening of my brow.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Hcr. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How ' my lord!

Leon. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Hcr. You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
 To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
 Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzle'd,
 Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
 This quash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
 Will you take eggs for money?^b

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!^c—
 my brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

^a *Credent*—credible.

^b A proverbial expression; meaning, will you submit to injustice?—will you truckle?

^c A proverbial expression; meaning, may his lot (dole) be happy.

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
 Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
 He makes a July's day short as December ;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
 Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,
 And leave you to your graver steps.—*Hermione,*
 How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
 Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :
 Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
 Apparent to my heart.^a

Her. If you would seek us,
 We are yours in the garden : Shall 's attend you there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be
 found,

Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now,
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.
 Go to, go to ! [*Aside. Observing POL. and HERM.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
 And arms her with the boldness of a wife
 To her allowing husband ! Gone already ;
 Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.

[*Exeunt POL., HERM., and Attendants.*
 Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
 Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour
 Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play ;—There have
 been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
 And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in 't,

^a *Apparent to my heart*—next to my heart.

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will : Should all despair
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there 's none ;
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 't is predominant ; and 't is powerful, think it,
 From east, west, north, and south : Be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly ; know it ;
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage : many thousand of us
 Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.—
 What ! Camillo, there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; thou 'rt an honest man.—
 [Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to unake his anchor hold :
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made
 His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ?—
 They 're here with me already ; whispering, rounding,
 ' Sicilia is a—so-forth : ' 'T is far gone,
 When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo
 That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be 't : good, should be pertinent :

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
 By any understanding pate but thine ?
 For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
 More than the common blocks :—Not noted, is 't,
 But of the finer natures ? by some several

* Rounding—telling secretly.

Of head-piece extraordinary & lower messes
Peichance are to this business purlind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ah!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes^a honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

^a *Hoxes.* To hox is to hamstring—to lough.

Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me : let me know my trespass
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,
 'T is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
 (But that 's past doubt—you have ; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think,)
 My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
 My wife 's a hobbyhorse ; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this : which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
 Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?
 Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
 Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
 That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?

Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,——

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!^a
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided, that when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner

^a Disregarding Camillo's "I have lov'd thee," Leontes is enraged at his making a question of the alleged dishonour of his "dread mistress."

Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows : If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not out,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ? Do you know, and
dare not

Be intelligent to me. 'T is thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must ;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too : for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped ^{the} better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success* we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

* Success—succession.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam.

By the king.

Pol.

For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best !^a
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over^b
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?
Cam. I know not : but, I am sure, 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business :
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city : For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here

^a We print *Best* with a capital as in the folio. The allusion is to Judas. The sentence against excommunicated persons contains a clause that they should have part with that betrayer.

^b Over-swear his thought.

By this discovery lost Be not uncertain ;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth : which, if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
 His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee ;
 I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand ;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places^a shall
 Still neighbour mine : My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature : as she 's rare,
 Must it be great ; and, as his person 's mighty,
 Must it be violent : and as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away. [Exeunt.

^a Places—honours.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MARILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me
'T is past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?

Mam. No, I 'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You 'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best ; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces : pray now
What colour are your eyebrows ?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that 's a mock : I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 Lady. Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you 'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you 're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd
In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,^a and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:^b—I have drunk, and seen the
spider.

^a There was a popular notion that spiders were poisonous.

^b Hefts—heavings.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—
 There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
 All 's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
 He has discover'd my design, and I
 Remain a pinch'd thing ;^a yea, a very trick
 For them to play at will :—How came the posterns
 So easily open ?

I Lord. By his great authority ;
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
 On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—
 Give me the boy ; I am glad you did not nurse him :
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
 Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her ;
 Away with him :—and let her sport herself
 With that she 's big with ; for 't is Polixenes
 Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I 'd say, he had not,
 And, I 'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
 Look on her, mark her well ; be but about :
 To say "she is a goodly lady," and
 The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
 " 'T is pity she 's not honest, honourable :"
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
 The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands
 That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,
 That mercy does ; for calumny will sear
 Virtue itself : these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,

^a *Pinch'd* may convey the meaning of one made petty and contemptible, shrunk up, pinched, as we say, by poverty or hunger.

When you have said she 's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she 's honest : But he 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,
She 's an adulteress ; I have said, with whom :
More, she 's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A federary * with her ; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold 'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No ; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison :
He who shall speak for her is afar off ^b guilty,
But that he speaks.

* *Federary*—confederate ; the same as *foedary*.

^b *Afar off*—in a remote degree.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigus :
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is 't that goes with me?—'Beseech your
highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn* him: Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;^b
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't, and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.^c

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There 's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we

* *Land damn.* We are unable to explain this. Farmer's conjecture, that it meant *laudanum him*—poison him with laudanum—is, we suppose, intended for a joke.

^b The word *sins* refers to the second, and *some five* to the third.

^c Some action must accompany this passage, as that of *Leontes* seizing hold of the arm of *Antigonus*.

Commune with you of this? but rather shlow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,^a
But only seeing,^b all other circumstances
Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were
Most piteous to be wild), I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel I ad
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,

^a *Approbation*—proof.

^b *Seeing*—used as a noun.

Be left her to perforce. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, prithee. [*Exit Keeper.*]
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together : on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in 't : says, " My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn :—
These dangerous unsafe luns i' the king ' beshrew them :
He must be told on 't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I 'll take 't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more :—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' louddest : We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue ; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand : Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it !
I'll to the queen : Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
This child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd : not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear ; upon mine honour,
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIQONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest : It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus ; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being ;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress ; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof : but she
I can hook to me : Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there ?

I Attend. My lord ! [Advancing.

Leon. How does the boy ?

I Attend. He took good rest to-night ;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply ;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself ;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely :—go,
See how he fares [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie ! no thought
of him ;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty :
And in his parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord.

You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me :
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul
More free than he is jealous.

Ant.

That 's enough.

1 Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Paul.

Not so hot, good air ;

I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as medicinal as true ;
Honest as either ; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon.

What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How ?—
 Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me ;
 I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can : in this,
 (Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
 He shall not rule me.

Ant. La^a you now ; you hear !
 When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
 But she 'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
 And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dares
 Less appear so, in comforting^b your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
 From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say, good
 queen ;
 And would by combat make her good, so were I
 A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
 First hand me : on mine own accord, I 'll off ;
 But, first, I 'll do my errand.—The good queen,
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
 Here 't is ; commends it to your blessing.
 [*Laying down the Child.*]

^a *La*. This is commonly printed *lo*. The words each mean
 look you ; but *la* is used affectedly, or ironically, as in this case.

^b *Comforting*—encouraging.

Leon. Out!
A mankind^a witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—
Thou dotard, [*to ANTIAGONUS*] thou art woman-tired,^b
unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that 's here; and that 's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,

^a *Mankind*—masculine.

^b *Woman-tired* This is equivalent to our *ken-pecked*. To *sire*
is to tear.

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel,* thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I 'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours

* *Lozel.* Verstegen explains this as "one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off, his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty."

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell: we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child! away with 't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 Lord. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit;
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows : —
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father ? Better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
 It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither ; [*to ANT.*
 You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life : for 't is a bastard.
 So sure as this beard 's grey,*—what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose : at least, thus much,—
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
 To save the innocent : anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword,
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it ; (*seest thou ?*) for the fail
 Of any point in 't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife ;
 Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection,
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
 That thou commend it strangely to some place
 Where chance may nurse, or end it : Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
 Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,

* Leontes here probably points to the beard of Antigonus.

Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!^a [*Exit, with the Child.*

Leon.

No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

I *Attend.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

I *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt*

^a *Loss* does not here mean destruction—a final calamity.
probably means *exposure*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Street.**Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

Cleo. The climate 's delicate: the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Then then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart : The party tried,
The daughter of a king ; our wife ; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,
Even ^a to the guilt, or the purgation ;
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence !

*HERMIONE is brought in, guarded ; PAULINA and
Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high
treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king
of Bohemia ; and conspiring with Camillo to take away
the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal hus-
band : the pretence ^b thereof being by circumstances
partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith
and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid
them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty ;" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make

^a Even—equal, indifferent.

^b Pretence—excuse.

False accusation blush, and tyranny
 Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
 (Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
 And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
 To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it,
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
 'T is a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd,* to appear thus: if one jot beyond
 The bound of honour; or, in act or will,
 That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry *Fie!* upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
 Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough;
 Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,

* The metaphor appears to be taken from an encounter of chivalry, in which one swerving from the accustomed course would be uncurrent.

(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spake,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,*
Which I 'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:

* Your dreams afford the *level*, the aim, of this accusation; and my life therefore stands within the range of the attack you direct against it.

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went: My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
 The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No life,
 I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
 'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Ex. certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd

Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo., Dion.

All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her.

Prais'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi.

Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:

The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon.

What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,^a is gone.

Leon.

How! gone?

Serv.

Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] How
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon.

Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*]

^a Of how the queen may speed—of the issue of this charge.

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracles!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done.
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,

And damnable ingrateful : nor was 't much,
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little ; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't :
 Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry Woe!—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest creature's dead ; and vengeance
 for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord*. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead : I'll swear 't : if word, no
 oath,

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leon.

Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord*.

Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't;
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
 To the noble heart.—What 's gone, and what 's past
 help,

Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
 At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool, again !
 I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
 I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
 And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth ; which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
 One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual : Once a day I 'll visit
 The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation : So long as Nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
 To these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near
 the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child ; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect^a tnen, our ship hath touch'd
 upon
 The deserts of Bohemia ?

^a *Perfect—assured.*

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another:
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see

Thy wife Paulina more :"—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously.
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character :^a there these;

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins :—Poor
 wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell !
 The day frowns more and more—thou 'rt like to have
 A lullaby too rough : I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !—
 Well may I get aboard !—This is the chace ;
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a Bear

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there was no age between ten and
 three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest
 for there is nothing in the between but getting wench'd
 with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting
 —Hark you now !—Would any but these boiled brains
 of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather !
 They have scared away two of my best sheep; which,
 I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if

^a *Character*—description, the writing which describes thee.

anywhere I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on 's, a bairn;^a a very pretty bairn! A boy, or a child,^b I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape-though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see

^a *Bairn*—the Scotch *bairn*; a child bairn, or born.

^b *A child.* Steevens says that he is told "that, in some of our inland counties, a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed among the peasantry a *child*." This use of the word was clearly the meaning of Shakspeare.

how the sea flap-dragoned it :^a—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shcp. Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

Clo. Now, now ; I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman ; he 's at it now.

Shcp. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man !

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her ; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shcp. Heavy matters ! heavy matters ! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself ; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here 's a sight for thee ; look thee, a bearing-cloth^b for a squire's child ! look thee here ! take up, take up, boy ; open 't. So, let 's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies ; this is some changeling :^c—open 't : What 's within, boy ?

Clo. You 're a made old man ; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold all gold !

Shcp. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so up with it, keep it close ; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go :—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings ; I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how

^a *Flap-dragoned it.* In 'Love's Labour's Lost' we have—"Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon."

^b *Bearing-cloth.* Percy explains this as "the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized."

^c *Changeling*—a child changed.

much he hath eaten : they are never curst,* but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed : If thou mayst discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him ' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy ; and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

* *Curst*—mischievous

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all,—both joy and terror
Of good and bad,—that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time, ^a
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient^t order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning: and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience thus allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,^a
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;

^a Allow—approve.

If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of
Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more: whose very naming publishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown:

but I have, missingly,* noted he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithce, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.^b

* *Missingly.* Stevens explains this,—“I have observed him at intervals.” But is it not rather—missing him, I have noted he is of late much retired from court?

^b *The winter's pale.* The spring which Autolycus describes is the early spring, when winter still holds a partial reign, and the pale—boundary—which divides it from spring is not yet broken up.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging^a tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tambling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore
three-pile;^b but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night.
And when I wander here and there
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget,
Then my account I well may give
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser
linen.^c My father named me Autolycus; who, being
as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper
up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I pur-
chased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly
cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the
highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for
the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize!
a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every
tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred
shorn,—What comes the wool to?^d

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

^a *Pugging.* This appears a flash word. A *puggard* is a thief.

^b *Three-pile*—rich velvet.

^c Autolycus has his eye upon the "white sheets." The kites
may take the smaller linen for their nests.

^d The produce of eleven wethers, in Shakspeare's time, was a
tod of wool. The improved breeds of modern days give nearly
double that quantity.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,* and very good ones; but they are most of them mean and base; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;† mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I 'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him.*]

* Singers of three part songs.

† *Warden pies.* Warden was the name of a pear,

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.*

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son,^b and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

* *Abide*—sojourn.

^b The puppet-show was anciently called a *motion*.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*].—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shears prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way.

And merrily hent^a the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Exit.

SCENE III.—*The same.* A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up:^b But that our feasts

^a *Hent*—take hold of.

^b *Prank'd up*—dressed splendidly, decorated.

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd ; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
To me, the difference forges dread ; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did : O, the fates !
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now : Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king ;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak ; that you must change this pur-
pose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not

The mirth o' the feast : Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's : for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious !

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised ; Clown, MORSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire
With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome ! [*To Per.*
It is my father's will I should take on me

The hostess-ship o' the day :—You 're welcome, sir!

[To CAM.]

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the sea-
son

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly'vors,*
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather ; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

* *Gilly'vors.* We print this word as it is twice printed in the original. Some of the old authors write *gillyflower*, some *gillofre*. Gilly'vor is perhaps a contraction of gillyflower.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well ; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here 's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing :—O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow darts, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O ! these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ! like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;

Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms :
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward : nothing she does or seems,
But snacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo.

Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our man-
ners.—

Come, strike up.

[*Music.*]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding :^a but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth :^b He says, he loves my daughter ;
I think so too : for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does anything ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you : he sings
several tunes faster than you 'll tell money ; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew
to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better : he shall come in :
I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful mat-
ter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed,
and sung lamentably.

^a *Feeding*—pasture.

^b *Sooth*—truth.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of "dildos and fadings:"^a "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithce, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quolls, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;

^a The *fadings* was a dance.

I'ns, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the ~~feast~~; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,* and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a taw-dry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a

* *Clamour your tongues.* Nares says the "expression is taken from bell-ringing; it is now contracted to *clam*, and in that form is common among ringers."

usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let 's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither?

M. O, whither?

D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well.

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither.

D. What, neither?

A. Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me.

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves.
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clo., Aut., Dor., and Mor.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry* of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

* *Gallimaufry*—a confused heap of things.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.^a

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.]

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—^b

Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.—He's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and look'd

^a *Squire*—foot-rule.

^b During the dance Polixenes and the Shepherd have been conversing apart, and this is a continuation of their supposed dialogue.

Up in my heart; which I have given already,
 But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
 Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand; this hand,
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it:
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
 That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
 The hand was fair before!—I have put you out.—
 But to your protestation; let me hear
 What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
 Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
 That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
 More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
 Without her love: for her, employ them all;
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
 Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
 Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
 So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
 The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
 I give my daughter to him, and will make
 Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
 If the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
Enough then for your wonder : But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you ;
Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : But what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums ? Can he speak ? hear ?
Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?
Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial : Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife ; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir, &
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal food thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see^a this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't.

[*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court

^a The double negative is characteristic of Shakspeare's time

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone? [*to Flo.*
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam.

Why, how now, father!

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep.

I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir, [*to Flo.*
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*to PERDITA.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

Flo.

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam.

Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo.

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam.

Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: ^a if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Canillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to her need, ^b I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

^a *Fancy*—love.

^b *Her need*—the need we have of her

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*to CAMILLO.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you serv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forfend! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viatication shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you
down :

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising

Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most cer-
tain,

To miseries enough : no hope to help you :
But, as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors ; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loth to be : Besides, you know,
Prosperity 's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 't is pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this :
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita !—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicine of our house !—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,

That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, ~~knave~~, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAM., FLO., and PER. come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per.

Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam.

Who have we here?—

[*Seeing AUTOLYCUS.*]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why,
hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we
must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee in-
stantly, (thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well
enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, prithee, despatch: the gentleman is half
flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick
on 't.— [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*Flo. and Aut. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word [They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next shall be, to tell the king [Aside.
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Exit FLO., PER., and CAM.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neces-
sary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to
smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time
that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange
had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with
this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at
us, and we may do anything *extempore*. The prince
himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away
from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought
it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal,
I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to
conceal it: and therein am I constant to my pro-
fession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

*Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain:
Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging,
yields a careful man work.*

Cl. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no

other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there; what; with whom; the condition of that fardel; the place of your dwelling; your names; your ages; of what having,* breeding; and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have

* Having—estate.

no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.^a

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.^b

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these unfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I 'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and

^a As they are paid for lying, they do not give us the lie.

^b With the manner—in the fact.

box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest

plain man) what you have to the king : being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority : close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold ; show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado : Remember, stoned and flayed alive !

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I 'll make it as much more ; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised ?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety :—Are you a party in this business ?

Clo. In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son :—Hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort : we must to the king, and show our strange sights : he must know 't is none of your daughter, nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside ; go on the right hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let 's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune

would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of*
Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and
others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass : At the last
Do, as the Heavens have done ; forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ! I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady ;
You might have spoken a thousand things that would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?^a
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; [*to LEON.*
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,

^a In 'Antony and Cleopatra' we have an explanation of the
ext:—

"We use to say, *the dead are well.*"

I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now,) appear, soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine!"

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath,—

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye;—^a

^a The vehemence of Paulina overbears the interruption of Cleomenes, and he says, "I have done."

Cleo. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
No remedy but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen ; she shall not be so young
As was your former ; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florisel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd ;"—thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once ; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam ;
The one I have almost forgot ; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. *a* This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make proselytes *a*
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange,
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*]
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,

As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
And your fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you ; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness !—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains ; much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his parting with her : thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness : My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin :
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father 's bless'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me :
Desires you to attach his son ; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him :
I speak amasedly ; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
.Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way

The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge ;
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ,
For swear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father ! —
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty : and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot

Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [*to F.L.O.*
Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel ; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber ; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business :—
But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration : they seemed almost, with staring on one another to tear the cases of their

eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance^a were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have be-

^a Importance—import.

held one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wracked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned; all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal..

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifts to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but be at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so

ne then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have reliash among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand : I will sweat to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend :—And I 'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I 'll swear it : and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we 'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee !

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well : All my services
You have paid home : but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit ;

It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 't is well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!

I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ?—O, royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave ;
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing —Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul O, patience :
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I 'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't ; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—

* Tieck understands this—"Would I were dead," if that
could re-animate Hermione—"but that—methinks—already"
the sculptor has done it—made her breathe—given her motion.
—"what was he that did make it?" It is scarcely necessary to

What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:
but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;^a
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

conjecture how Leontes would have closed the sentence; for the abrupt breaking off is one of those touches of nature with which Shakspeare knew how to give passion an eloquence beyond words.

^a It is clear from the context, although by *statue* a picture was sometimes meant, that the image of Paulina was a *printed statue*.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still.
On: "Those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike.— [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;

[*HER. comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor!

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

"*Os.* We understand this as, let us go on The king immediately adds "proceed."

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead !

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while —
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel, ⁴
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PER., who kneels to HER.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how found
Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that,
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina ;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I 'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee

An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What ?—Look upon my brother :—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom Heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away | *Exeunt.*

END OF

A WINTER'S TALE.



TEMPE



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS comedy stands the first in the folio collection of 1623, in which edition it was originally published. The original text is printed with singular correctness; and if, with the exception of one or two obvious typographical errors, it had continued to be reprinted without any change, the world would have possessed a copy with the mint-mark of the poet upon it, instead of the clipped and scoured impression that bears the name of Steevens.

So much has been written on 'The Tempest,' and so unnecessary is it for us to analyse the plot or dwell on the charms of the poetry, that we shall here content ourselves with presenting our readers with some of the peculiar and original views of Franz Horn, translated from his 'Shakspere's Schauspiele erläutert.' This very acute and lively critic sets out by observing that nothing was more common in the early romantic literature than the imagination of adventures in a desert island, in a far distant ocean. This consideration alone, we think, is sufficient to make us little solicitous to localize the scene of Prospero's island, or to seek for any particular incidents that may have suggested to Shakspere a story with a storm and a shipwreck. Horn then proceeds thus:—

"The beginning takes our fancy wholly a prisoner. We see a ship nearing the island, driving along in the greatest danger amid storm and tempest, and struggling as with a last effort against the fatal summons. Here, placed in immediate contact, are sovereigns and their heirs with rude boatswains, sailors, and jesters, the re-

verend old man with the blooming youth, affright with wit, desperation with prayer. Nevertheless, the effect of this scene is not entirely tragic: we are too much occupied with the passing events,—we see how they develop the unannounced characters,—and the lightnings of wit flash so strongly between the lightnings of heaven as to give us no time to bestow on any particular individual a directly tragical melancholy feeling; for no sooner have we had this glance than two noble beings immediately vouchsafe to speak to us, and quiet us as to the fate of the shipwrecked personages who have interested us so much.

“These are the lord of the island and his daughter. In Prospero we have a delineation of peculiar profundity. He was, once, not altogether a just prince, not thoroughly a just man; but he had the disposition to be both. His soul thirsted after knowledge; his mind, sincere in itself, after love; and his fancy, after the secrets of nature: but he forgot, what a prince should least of all forget, that, upon this moving earth, superior acquirements, in order to stand firmly, must be exercised carefully; that the world is full of enemies who can only be subdued by a watchful power and prudence, and that in certain situations the armour ought never to be put off. Thus it became easy for his nearest relation, his brother, with the help of a powerful neighbouring king who could not resist the offered but unjustifiable advantage, to depose him from his dukedom. But as the pure morals of the prince, although they were perhaps but lazily exercised in behalf of his subjects, had nevertheless acquired their love, and the usurper not daring to make an attack on the lives of the

fallen, Prospero saved himself, his daughter, and a part of his magical books, upon a desert island. Here he becomes, what, in its highest sense, he had not yet been, a father and prince. His knowledge extends. Nature listens to him, perhaps because he learned to know and love her more inwardly. Zephyr-like spirits, full of a tender frolicsome humour, and rude earth-born gnomes, are compelled to serve him. The whole island is full of wonders, but only such as the fancy willingly receives, of sounds and songs, of merry helpers and comical tormentors; and Prospero shows his great human wisdom particularly in the manner with which he, as the spiritual centre, knows how to conduct his intercourse with friends and foes. First, with his daughter. Miranda is his highest, his one, his all; nevertheless there is visible a certain elevation, a solemnity, in his behaviour towards her,—peculiarities which, even with the deepest love, the severely tried and aged man easily assumes. Indeed, much as the pure sense of his daughter must have long cheered him, he deems it good to relate to her now for the first time the history of his earlier sufferings, when he ~~has~~ mastery over, and the power to punish, his adversaries.

“Towards Ariel, the airy spirit thirsting for freedom, Prospero is strict and friendly, praising and blaming at the proper time; for a moment angry, but only when he thinks he perceives ingratitude. Towards Caliban he is a most complete Oriental despot; and, knowing that he has to do with a miscreated being, whom only ‘stripes may move, not kindness,’ he treats him accordingly.

“Caliban, who, in spite of his imperfect, brutish, and half-human nature, as the son of a witch, is some-

thing marvellously exciting, and as pretender to the sovereignty of the island something ridiculously sublime, has been considered by every one as an inimitable character of the most powerful poetic fancy; and the more the character is investigated, the more is our attention rewarded. With all his brutish propensities, our feelings towards him never rise to a thorough hatred. We find him only laughably horrible, and as a marvellous though at bottom a feeble monster highly interesting, for we foresee from the first that none of his threats will be fulfilled.

"Opposed to him stands Ariel, by no means an ethereal, featureless angel, but as a real airy and frolicsome spirit, agreeable and open, but also capricious, roguish, and, with his other qualities, somewhat mischievous. He is thankful to Prospero for his release from the most confined of all confined situations, but his gratitude is not a natural virtue (we might almost add not an airy virtue); therefore he must (like man) be sometimes reminded of his debt, and held in check. Only the promise of his freedom in two days restores him again to his amiability, and he then finds pleasure in executing the plans of his master with a delightful activity.

"The pure poetry of nature and genius inspires us; and when we hear Prospero recite his far too modest epilogue, after laying down his enchanted wand, we have no wish to turn our minds to any frivolous thoughts, for the magic we have experienced was too charming and too mighty not to be enduring."

The conclusion of Horn's critique will find an echo in every reader or spectator of 'The Tempest.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, King of Naples.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.*

*ANTONIO, the usurping Duke of Milan, brother to
Prospero*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.*

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

ADRIAN, a lord.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FRANCISCO, a lord.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV
sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

TRINCULO, a jester.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc.
Act V. sc. 1.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1.*

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1
Act V. sc. 1.*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.*

IRIN, *a spirit.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1

CERES, *a spirit.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

JUNO, *a spirit.*

Appears, Act IV. sc.

Nymphs.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1.

Reapers.

Appear, Act IV. sc. 1.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE,—THE SEA, WITH A SHIP; AFTERWARDS
AN ISLAND.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to 't
varely," or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.
[*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my
hearts; yare, yare: Take in the topsail: Tend to the
master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if
room enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,
GONZALO, and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care, Where's the
master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?^b

^a *Yarely*, the adverb of *yare*, quick, ready. *Yare* is used
several times by Shakspeare as a sea-term (which it was), but
not exclusively so.

^b In the first edition (1623) Antonio here uses the sailor's
word *boson*, instead of the more correct "boatswain," which is
put in the mouth of the King of Naples.

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour;
Keep your cabins: You do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these
roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence;
trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You
are a counsellor; if you can command these elements
to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will
not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you
cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the
hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our
way, I say. [Exit.]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged our case is miserable. [Exit.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower,
bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.]
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the
weather, or our office.*—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and
drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous,
incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

* Our office is here used in the sense of our business, which was essentially noisy.

Gon. I'll warrant him for^a drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet

Mar. All lost¹ to prayers, to prayers¹ all lost¹

[*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely^b cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

Thus wide-chopp'd rascal;—'Would thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides¹

Gon.

He'll be hang'd yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut^c him.

[*A confused noise within*]—Mercy on us!

We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children

Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—^d

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king.

[*Exit.*

Seb. Let 's take leave of him

[*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,^e

^a For drowning is on account of drowning.

^b Merely—absolutely.

^c To glut—to swallow.

^d These various exclamations, which are given to Gonzalo, should be considered to be spoken by no determinate characters. They form part of the "confused noise within."

^e In Harrison's 'Description of Britain,' prefixed to Holinshed, we find, "Brome, heath, furze, brakes, whinnes, ling,"—all characteristics of "barren ground." But "long heath" and "brown furze" are quite intelligible, and are much more natural than an enumeration of many various wild plants.

anything: The wills above be done¹ but I would fain
die a dry death.] *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of
Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer^a a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature^a in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er^b
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting^c souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

^a *Creature.* Miranda means to say that, in addition to those she saw suffer,—the "poor souls" that perished,—the common sailors,—there was no doubt some superior person on board,—some noble creature.

^b *Or e'er*—before, sooner than.

^c *Fraughting*—constituting the freight, or freight.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'T is time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[Lays down his mantle.
Lie there my art —Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mina. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, "Stay, not yet!"—

Pro. The hour 's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.*

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'T is far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it

* Quite three years old.

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abyssm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here.
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen* that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious;—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

* Teen—sorrow.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash^a for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! my library

^a A *trash* is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couplet, or any other weight, fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack; i. e. when he overtops them, when he hunts too quick.

Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable. confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
 If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
 To think but nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
 This king of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he, in lieu* o' the premises
 Of homage,^b and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
 With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
 I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
 Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now 's upon us; without the which, this story
 Were most impertinent.

* *In lieu*—in consideration of, in exchange for.

^b *The premises of homage, &c.*—the circumstances of homage
 promised.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, wench ;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) ; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark ;
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a butt,^a not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it : there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pro. O ! a cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd^b the sea with drops full salt ;
Under my burthen groan'd ; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By Providence divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us ; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,

^a *Butt* is the reading of the original copies. Whether the idea of a wine-butt was literally meant to be conveyed may be questionable ; but the word, as it stands in the original, gives us the notion of a vessel even more insecure than the most rotten boat.

^b *Deck'd*. In the glossary of the Craven dialect we find that to *deg* is to sprinkle.

Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pro. Now I arise :—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. ♀
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for 't ! And now, I pray
you, sir,
(For still 't is beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady,^a hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore : and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star ; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions ;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way ;—I know thou canst not choose.

[*MIRANDA sleeps.*]
Come away, servant, come : I am ready now ;
Approach, my Ariel ; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

^a *Now my dear lady.* The antecedent is Fortune, now Prospero's beautiful lady.

On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship : now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement : Sometime I 'd divide
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join : Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not : The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit !
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation : All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, " Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that 's my spirit !
But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd ;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :
The king's son have I landed by himself ;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there 's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and
now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more."

Ari. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

"No more. We understand this,—say no more.

As fast as mill-wheels strike : Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes ; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears : it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo ; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak.
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so ; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master !
What shall I do ? say what : what shall I do ?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea ;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine ; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't : go, hence, with diligence.

[Exit ARIEL

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off : Come on ;
We 'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him : he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say ; there 's other business for
thee :
Come, thou tortoise ! when !^a

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth !

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

Pro. For this, besure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner. *
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me ; wouldst
give me
Water with berries in 't ; and teach me how

^a *When*—an expression of great impatience.

To name the bigger light, and how the less.
 That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile ;
 Cursed be I that did so !—All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king ; and here you sty me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness : I have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodg'd thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho !—'would it had been done !
 Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave ;
 Which any print of goodness will not take,
 Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known : But thy vile race,
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good na-
 tures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
 Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
 Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse : the red plague rid you,
 For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-seed, hence !
 Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou wert best,
 To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice ?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey : his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave ; hence ! [*Exit CAL.*
Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing ; FER-
DINAND following him.

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ·
Courtied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Bur. Hark, hark ! Bowgh, wowgh.
The watch dogs bark ;
Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly*

Ari. Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' the air, or the
earth ?

It sounds no more :—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters ;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-symphs hourly ring his knell:

[*Burthen, ding-dong*
 Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
 And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is 't? a spirit
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form:—But 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
 Was in the wrack; and but he 's something stain'd
 With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call
 him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
 And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
 A thing divine; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
 As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
 thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
 On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
 May know if you remain upon this island;
 And that you will some good instruction give,
 How I may bear me here: My prime request,
 Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
 If you be maid or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
 But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—

I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pro.

How! the best?

What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrack'd.

Mira.

Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,

And his brave son, being twain.

Pro.

The duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer.

O, if a virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro.

Soft, sir! one word more.—

They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer.

No, as I am a man.

Mira. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. Follow me. — [To *Ferd.*

Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor.—Come.

I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together :

Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be

The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks

Wherein the acorn cradled : Follow.

Fer. No ,

I will resist such entertainment, till

Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*

Mira. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He 's gentle,* and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,

My foot my tutor ! Put thy sword up, traitor ;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,

And make thy weapon drop

Mira. Beseech you, father !

Pro. Hence ; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity ;

I 'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence ! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !

An advocate for an impostor ! hush !

Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban : Foolish wench !

To the most of men this is a Caliban,

And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble ; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

* *Gentle* has here the sense of high-born, noble ; and therefore courageous.

Pro. Come on ; obey : [To FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works :—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—Follow me.—
[To FERD. and MIR.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.

Mir. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro Come follow : speak not for him. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have caus'd
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : Our hint of woe
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,* and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon.

Prithoe, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit ;
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One :—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken
truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

* *Merchant* is here used for merchant-vessel—merchantman.
The "masters of some merchant" signifies, therefore, the
owners of some trading vessel ; but in the second instance the
"merchant" must mean the trader, whose goods are ventured
in the merchantman.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you 're paid.^a

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush^b and lusty the grass looks! how green!

^a These words, we think, belong to Sebastian. The wager is a laughter. Antonio bets that "the cockrel" will crow first. Adrian, the young man, does crow; upon which Sebastian laughs loudly, exclaiming, "So you are paid."

^b Lush is affirmed by Henley to mean rank; by Malone, juicy. We have still the low word *lushy*, as applied to a drunkard.

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.^a

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses ; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies ?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow ? a pox o' that ! How came that widow in ? Widow Dido !

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too ? good lord, how you take it !

Adr. Widow Dido, said you ? you make me study of that : She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage ?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

^a *Eye of green*—tinge shade.